

EARLY HISTORY OF NASHVILLE



LIZZIE P. ELLIOTT





STATE CAPITOL, NASHVILLE.

EARLY HISTORY
OF
NASHVILLE

BY
LIZZIE P. ELLIOTT

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TO MY FATHER

REV. C. D. ELLIOTT

WHOSE EARNEST WISH IT WAS THAT THE
CHILDREN SHOULD KNOW AND LOVE

NASHVILLE

PREFACE.

Geography and history cannot be entirely separated. As this dependence one upon the other is evident, is it not best to begin them together? Will not this early connection of the two make the study clearer to the child in after years?

And, as all teachers know, when introducing any subject, we begin with an object or a thought which is familiar to the children; so it follows that the geography and history of the land over which the little child walks every day, of the hills, valleys and streams which he sees from his own window, is the proper introduction to the geography and history of the world.

Another and more important thought presents itself. The true patriot must first be true to his own home. So by fostering, in the right way, a love for home, we are strengthening a broad patriotism.

The children of the British Isles have for hundreds of years learned first at their mother's knee of heroic deeds done at their own doors. After that they have learned their country's history. This has given them a respect for their own people and a belief in themselves which has helped to make their nation a world force.

We forget this. In our own history stories we tell our children of great things that occurred in other countries; or, if within the limits of our own country, a thousand miles, or perhaps more, from Nashville.

But why neglect our own? We, too, have much to tell that is important to our national history. Even if we did not, it were still pedagogically correct to begin at home.

So let us teach our little children our local history. Afterwards when they grow older they will learn of the great on-coming of the Anglo-Saxon, or English-speaking race; how it came over the mountains from the East into the Mississippi Valley. They will learn about the French and English wars; French and English treaties; treaties with Indians and with Spain; and all that bears upon the settlement of the country between the Alleghanies and the Mississippi.

The apparently weak settlements on the Cumberland River had more influence upon the subsequent history of the United States than is realized by many people.

Those pioneers did not fight with the army of Washington. But while that army was in the field they helped to hold back the enemy who would have struck it in the rear. They foiled the schemes of French, Spanish and English, by being staunch Americans, wise and true, and

so held all this part of our land true to the principles of liberty. Had it not been for the few American settlements west of the Alleghany Mountains, when the Treaty of Paris was signed, the western boundary of the thirteen Colonies would have been fixed at the Alleghany Mountains. And also, on their account, England ceded the navigation of the Mississippi River to the United States.

The diplomacy of James Robertson and its far-reaching influence upon English, Spanish, French, and Indian affairs, and the faithful bravery and fortitude of the men stationed at the Fort of Nashborough, played no insignificant part in the history of the United States.

Furthermore, the boys and young men trained by those noble pioneers formed that Tennessee army which followed Andrew Jackson, and at New Orleans restored to the United States the liberty almost lost!

The following stories, though somewhat disconnected, have for their general subject the history of Nashville. Their arrangement is chronologically correct.

The stories of the Little Boy are, as will readily be seen, partly imaginary. But each one is based upon a fact; and there is nothing in any but what most probably did occur.

For guides in this work only the oldest historians have been studied, except in three instances. In one case Col.

Wm. B. Reese, Dr. R. L. C. White and my father gave the incident as their conclusion after studying certain facts: another was in the case of several points insisted upon by Mr. Morton B. Howell; and the third was in using Gen. G. P. Thurston's most interesting book, "Antiquities of Tennessee," as authority upon that subject. My authorities for the history are Haywood, Ramsey, Putnam and Carr. In several places, as will be seen, I have simply adapted the story.

My father's intense love for Nashville and great interest in Tennessee history were well known. The attempt to do this work is the natural outcome of my sympathetic association with him. He often expressed a desire that something be done to encourage an appreciation of our early history.

Aside from an influence of a higher importance, he felt that, by cultivating this knowledge and love in the children, the coming generations not only will love their home more dearly, but will wish to improve and benefit our city in every way, and at the same time will have the power to do this intelligently.

It is impossible for me to express adequately my appreciation of the help so promptly and whole-heartedly given me by my friends among the Nashville teachers. If any pleasure or profit comes to the little children by our work, in that way I know we shall realize our reward.

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INTRODUCTION.

BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF NASHVILLE.

Suppose we take a walk together. Let us all meet down at the wharf.

We will walk up Front Street to the Square. Do you notice that you are on the bank of the river all the time? From the Square we will go on the Central Bridge. Now, let us turn and look back at the river bank. What a steep, rocky bank it is! We call that a bluff. We are going to read more about that bluff after a while.

When we go back to the Square you will notice how the land slopes from it towards the north and towards the south. So the Square is on a ridge that begins at the bluff, with the land sloping down from it on opposite sides. This land where the Square is, used to be covered with small cedar trees and other trees. It was not always level. It was higher in places than it is now and great rocks showed themselves above the ground.

Now, we will walk up Cedar Street. Can you guess how it got its name? This street will bring us to our beautiful Capitol Hill. How grand it is! And how we love it! Its high, round top used to have large trees growing upon it; and there were so many cedar trees that it was first called the Cedar Knob.

This beautiful hill stands up high, almost in the middle of Nashville. Looking from Capitol Hill in any direction,

we see other beautiful hills. They seem to make a circle around the city.

The best way to get to those hills is to take a short ride out each of the turnpikes going from the city. On each pike we shall find ourselves going up a hill near the edge of town. Some time soon we hope to do that together.

Now, we must go down from the Capitol. Let us go by way of Vine Street. Polk Place, the home of President James K. Polk, used to be on the corner of Vine and Union Streets. There we see the land sloping into the two valleys. We are again on a ridge.

We will go now to the Carnegie Library. How steep the slope is from there down into one of those valleys!

If we go south on Spruce Street we shall still be on a part of the same ridge. The land out as far as St. Cloud Hill and the reservoir slopes from Spruce or near that street down into the two valleys. The valleys are the same to which the land from the Square slopes. Spruce Street is on, or near, the top of a ridge from Church Street to the reservoir.

To go from the Court House to the Custom House, upon what streets can you walk without going up or down a hill?

PART I.

IN THE PRESENT DAY.

“Geography is one of the eyes of history.”

—PASCHALL.



A BEAUTIFUL PLACE.



ONCE upon a time there was no one living where Nashville is now. There were no houses nor streets here.

On these hillsides there were many big trees.

It looked then just as it does now out in the country in the woods. In this beautiful forest were hickory, oak, maple, poplar, hackberry and cedar trees, and many other kinds.

Wild flowers and ferns and grass grew all about over the ground. In the forest there were open places where the trees were far apart. There the yellow sunlight shone brightly on the ground, and if it was not a very rocky place the grass and low bushes grew thick and green.

On the very low ground the cane grew thick and tall. We call it fishing-cane. And the place where it was growing we call a canebrake.

The trees and canebrakes had to be cut away as the houses and streets of the city were made. But a few of the trees are still standing.

We are so glad when we find any of those old trees. One of them is in Centennial Park. It is a grand old oak near the gate on West End Avenue. Many a little Indian child has doubtless played in the shade of that old oak tree. The Indians sometimes went hunting through this forest.

Yes, the Indians sometimes went hunting through this forest. And wherever you are in Nashville you may be certain that Indians at some time walked over that very place. And many kinds of wild animals, too, have passed along where you are.



OAK TREE IN CENTENNIAL PARK.

The animals loved to live here and wander over these hills and valleys. There was nothing to hurt or scare them, and so there came to be great numbers of them. The Indians did not come often.

There were large herds of buffaloes. Sometimes hundreds of them would be together grazing in those open places in the forest. In the evening, if you had waited at any spring or creek, you would have seen many deer coming down to drink the cool water. There were elk, too, with their big horns.

At night great bears came out in search of food. Wolves howled as they prowled about in the darkness. There were panthers and wildcats.

Beavers built their dams and queer houses in some of the creeks. And then there were foxes and rabbits and squirrels.

Birds, sweet singing birds, were everywhere. There were mocking birds, robins, larks and other wild birds like those we see in the country now.

Sometimes a flock of fifty or a hundred wild turkeys would walk by. There were wild ducks, and fine fish in all the streams.

At every time of the year things that all these animals liked to eat could be found. Can you think of some of the things they ate?

What berries in the summer?

When did they find wild grapes and persimmons?

Where was honey for the bears?

Almost everywhere there was the sound of running water. Wherever you are in Nashville you may be sure you are not far from the place where a spring of clear, cold water used to come out from under the rocks. Its little branch ran down the hillside until it met the waters of another little spring branch. They ran along together and then another branch ran in with them. All the time they were going down the slope of the land. The land over which water runs is called its bed. Running water seems all the time to be trying to find lower ground.

By the time these streams had found very low ground there were so many of them together that they made a wide creek. And this creek went singing and rippling over its rocks and pebbles until at last it ran into the river. So the bed of the river must be in the lowest ground near Nashville.

There is one of the fine old springs left. It is in Centennial Park near that old oak tree. You can still see its pretty branch and follow it some distance on its way. When you go to that pretty place, notice the direction in which the water is running. Into what do you think it will at last flow?

After the branch from the spring in Centennial Park had run on for some distance several large creeks ran into it. The largest came from the south away out towards Belmont. All of these together made quite a large creek. This ran through the low ground north of the Capitol.

To understand this we should go up to the Capitol.

We must look into that low valley down the steep hill north of the Capitol. Through that valley this large creek ran to the river. It was called Lick Branch. The reason for this name you will find in another story.

Now, let us look west towards Centennial Park, and now over to the south towards Belmont. Then we will go back to the north side and look again into that low, deep valley.

We have seen the very land through which those creeks used to run. In that valley also many fine large springs used to be. Standing in front of the Carnegie Library we also look over into part of that valley. We call the low land north from the Capitol the Sulphur Spring Bottom, because a sulphur spring is found down there. Everything around the spring is very different now from what it was many years ago. We shall read after a while a great deal about that wonderful spring. We shall see how that spring was the cause of Nashville's being where it is.

Do you wonder where Lick Branch is now?

When the river used to rise, its water would back up through Lick Branch. It would cover the low bottom lands and was in some places very deep. After the city became larger that gave much trouble. So the city had the low land filled up. The streets were made higher first. Then the land between was filled. When we go down to the Sulphur Spring we must remember that.

A pipe, big enough for a man to stand up inside, was laid under the ground. The creek, or Lick Branch, as we call it, now runs through this pipe to the river.

There is another creek that you must know. If you go to the postoffice and look towards the river you will see how Broad Street goes down to low land. Now suppose you go down Broad Street to the river. As you go, after you get down a short distance, watch the streets that cross Broad. You will be sure to notice how each one goes up a steep hill on both sides of Broad Street.

The hill you see sloping up towards South Nashville is College Hill. That hillside, like the one sloping up to the Square, was once covered with forest trees. Down in the low ground south of Broad Street there used to be a thick canebrake. The Hay Market, the bridge and the Tennessee Central Railroad station are where a part of that canebrake was.

Running through that low ground through that canebrake there used to be a beautiful creek. It was called Wilson's Spring Branch. Wilson's Spring, from which it started, was high up the valley, not far from the corner of Vine Street and Lea Avenue. Around this large spring there were cedar trees and privet bushes with red berries on them.

The backwater came up this creek, too. So the low land had to be filled. The Hay Market is on some of that filled low land. The creek now runs to the river through one of those very big pipes that were laid under the ground.

SOME OF THE PIKES LEADING FROM NASHVILLE.

- | | | |
|------------------|------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Lebanon. | 5. Granny White. | 9. Hyde's Ferry. |
| 2. Murfreesboro. | 6. Hillsboro. | 10. White's Creek. |
| 3. Nolensville. | 7. Richland or | 11. Dickerson. |
| 4. Franklin. | Harding. | 12. Gallatin. |
| | 8. Charlotte. | |

I.

Beginning on the south side of the river, we find that the first turnpike leading out of Nashville toward the east is the Lebanon Pike. This is one of the oldest roads. Just as it leaves the city it passes the Lewis Hill, on which the Lipscomb School now stands. The home on this hill used to be called Fairfield. This pike crosses Brown's Creek, Mill Creek and Stone's River. On it we can go to the Hermitage.

The next is the Murfreesboro Pike, and it goes towards the southeast. It crosses Brown's Creek and Mill Creek. The first high hill which it passes is Foster's Knob.

The Nolensville Pike is next. It also goes towards the southeast. It passes Rains' Spring.

II.

On the next three pikes we go towards the south. The first of these is the Franklin Pike. It begins with Spruce

Street. Near the edge of town it goes up between three high hills and passes them.

On our left going out stands St. Cloud Hill. Fort Negley was on top of it. It used to be covered with trees. It is one of the best known hills around Nashville, and many people think it is the prettiest. It is off by itself like Capitol Hill. We are glad to have such a beautiful hill within our city.

Just as we pass St. Cloud Hill we can see Curry's Hill over on our right. Then we pass McCampbell's Hill. The reservoir is now on its top.

South from these hills is Waverly Place. All that valley is drained by Brown's Creek. On the south side of the valley are the Overton Hills, often called the Knobs. These are the beautiful hills just beyond Glendale Park.

From St. Cloud Hill or the reservoir, away off to the southeast, we can see Todd's Knob. Stone's River runs near its base, and the Hermitage is not far on the other side of it.

Before railroads were built, all the travelling was done on the river and on the turnpikes. The stage coaches, going out what used to be called the Middle Franklin Pike, started early in the morning. At the place where the road goes over the Knobs there lived a good old lady named Mrs. White. Granny White always had a good breakfast waiting, for that was the regular stopping place for meals.

The people liked to go to Franklin by way of Granny

White's. They soon forgot to call the road by any other name. It has been Granny White Pike ever since.

On the edge of the city this pike takes us between Curry's Hill and the hills of Belmont Heights. Out near the Knobs it passes near the highest spring of Brown's Creek.

III.

To find the Hillsboro Pike, we may go out Broad Street and turn south near one of the Vanderbilt gates. From there it goes up a long, gentle slope.

The Hillsboro is one of the three pikes going through the land drained by Richland Creek. It crosses that creek within a few yards of its source. The beautiful hills seen from this pike are the Harpeth Hills.

Near the edge of town, just west of Centennial Park, there is a row or chain of hills, which extends northwest to the river. In this is the highest hill in the circle of hills around Nashville. What is its name?

West End Avenue leads us through these hills out to the Richland, or Harding Pike. This goes a little towards the southwest. It passes through Richland Creek Valley, which is one of the beautiful valleys near Nashville. And it goes straight out to the Harpeth Hills and over them to the Harpeth River.

To find the Charlotte Pike, we may go out Cedar Street and Charlotte Avenue through West Nashville. On it we go almost directly west, but turn to the southwest. It

crosses Richland Creek near where Gen. James Robertson's home used to be.

IV.

The Lebanon Pike is near the river on the eastern side of Nashville. But the river makes a great turn or bend, and here we find it flowing around on the western side of the city. North Nashville is in that bend of the river.

Towards the northwest from the Sulphur Spring and Lick Branch, the land slopes up gently to St. Cecilia Academy. Back of that it slopes down to the river. The river banks on that side are low until you reach the bluffs in West Nashville. But on the opposite or northern side of the river the banks are high, steep bluffs. Beyond the river, towards the north, there is a pretty chain of hills. Paradise Ridge is in those hills.

There is now only one pike going through North Nashville. It is the Hyde's Ferry Pike. It crosses the river on the Hyde's Ferry bridge. It then crosses White's Creek and goes straight west.

To find the White's Creek Pike, you may cross the Central Bridge to East Nashville and turn to the north on First Street. It follows the river bank and then goes to the northwest. This, as far as Lock No. 1, was one of the first paths made by the early settlers of Nashville.

The Dickerson Pike branches off from the White's Creek Pike, going straight north.

The Gallatin Pike goes east along Main Street and then north. It is the oldest of all the roads. There is much

to learn about it. We shall read about it in the story of the early times.

We find that East Nashville is in a bend of the river. Not far from the river is Confederate Hill. Standing on Broad Street, in front of the postoffice, and looking toward the river, we see Confederate Hill. On the other side of that hill is Shelby Park.

SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS FOR STUDY OF MAP OF ORIGINAL DRAINAGE OF THE LO- CALITY OF NASHVILLE.

1.

The beginning of a stream of water is its *source*.

The place where it flows into some other water is its *mouth*.

The source of a stream is usually a spring.

Which is on higher ground, the *source* or *mouth* of a stream?

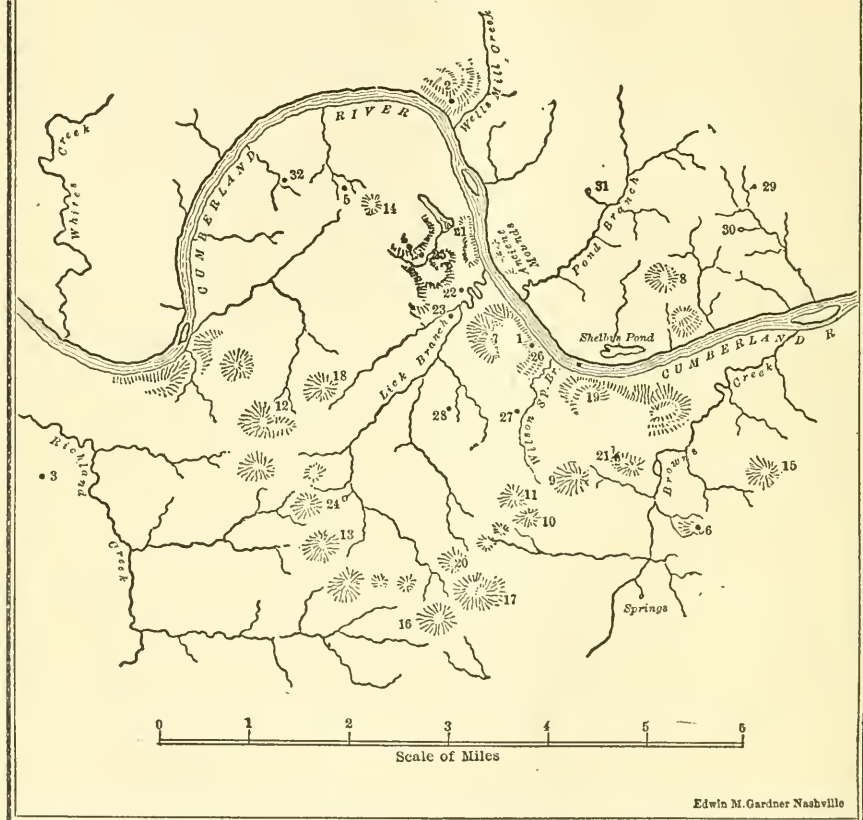
By looking at the streams on a map, how can you tell which way the land slopes?

2.

Name some of the hills of the dividing ridge which separates the water of Richland Creek from Lick Branch.

Why does the rain water which falls just north of St. Cecilia flow into the river and not into Lick Branch?

MAP OF
The Original Drainage
OF NASHVILLE
TENNESSEE
By W.F. Foster



Elevation above sea.		Elevation above sea.		Elevation above sea.	
1 The Bluff.....	488	12 Barrow Hill.....	690	21½ Lewis Hill.....	
2 Eaton's Station.....		13 Bosley Hill.....	741	22 French Lick, Sulphur Spgs. 390	
3 Gen. Robertson's Station.....		14 St. Cecilia.....	529	23 Bridge Spring.....	400
4 Freeland's Station.....	462	15 Foster's.....	537	24 Cockrill's Spring.....	508
5 Denton's Station.....		16 Belmont Heights, Battery		25 Freeland's Spring.....	410
6 Rains' Station.....		Location.....	690	26 Bluff Spring, foot of Church	
7 Capitol Hill.....	555	17 Belmont Hts, Lawson's Hill 710		Street.....	
8 Confederate Hill.....	550	19 Rolling Mill and College		27 Wilson's Spring.....	
9 St. Cloud Hill.....	622	Hill.....	535	28 McNairy Spring.....	445
10 Kirkpatrick Hill (Reservoir) 680		20 Belmont College, Acklen		29 Spout Spring.....	
11 Overton Hill.....	655	Place.....		30 Lockeland Spring.....	
		21 Vinegar Hill.....	440		

Do you know what street is on top of the ridge west of Wilson's Spring? (Spruce.)

Where is the highest spring of Wilson's Spring Valley? (High up on Curry's Hill.)

3.

Into what creek do the waters flow just south of St. Cloud and McCampbell's Hills?

All the land from those hills out to the Overton Hills is in Brown's Creek Valley.

What hills on each side of Brown's Creek Valley not far from the river?

4.

What valley begins at Belmont Heights and Curry's Hill and goes around Capitol Hill to the river?

What hills along the western side of this valley?

In what valley is West Nashville?

5.

The rain water that falls around your school runs into what creek?

Then in what valley is your school?

What hills are nearest to your school?

In what direction is Capitol Hill from your school?

6.

(East Nashville.)

Where did Pond Creek use to be?

What kind of banks has the river on the East Nashville side? When the river was high the water used to run across that low ground. When most of this water ran off some stayed and made a pond. It was called Shelby's Pond. Why did that water stay there?

7.

(Hills.)

Write the name of the highest hill in Nashville.

Write the name of the next lower. Do this until you have written the names of them all.

8.

In what direction is each hill from Capitol Hill?

DAVIDSON COUNTY.



ALL the land for about ten or twelve miles on every side of Nashville is a part of Davidson County.

There are springs of health-giving waters and creeks and little rivers everywhere among the beautiful hills and valleys of this county. The names of some of the streams are Stone's River, Mill Creek, Brown's Creek, Richland Creek and White's Creek. The water from all of these at last flows into the Cumberland River.

The Cumberland River comes into Davidson County from the east. It makes many turns or bends and flows out of the county on the west side. Most of Nashville is in two of these bends.

The soil of Davidson County is good, and there are many fine farms. You can find out for yourselves the many things that grow in the fertile gardens and fields.

There are other counties around Davidson. In them all the soil is rich and the streams and hills and valleys are very beautiful. All of them are in the middle part of Tennessee.

Tennessee is a State.

We call this part of our State Middle Tennessee. Sometimes it is called the Middle Basin.

It is easy to see why we are proud of our homeland and love it.

“For the fairest land
From God’s own hand
Is the Basin of Tennessee.”

THE MIDDLE BASIN.

O, the glorious Middle Basin!
The rose in Nature’s wreath!
With her purpling sky and her hills on high
And her blue grass underneath.
’Tis here our fathers built their homes;
’Tis here their sons are free.
For the fairest land
From God’s own hand
Is the Basin of Tennessee.

O, the fertile Middle Basin!
Proud Egypt's threshing floor
Held not in the chain of her golden grain
Such fields as lie at our door.
Our daughters grow like the olive plant,
Our sons like the young oak tree.
For the richest land
From God's own hand
Is the Basin of Tennessee.

O, the loyal Middle Basin!
So quick for fife and drum!
She stood in the breach on the crescent beach
When the hated foe had come.
Her Jackson made our nation safe,
Her Polk, an empire free.
For the truest land,
From God's own hand
Is the Basin of Tennessee.

O, the glorious Middle Basin!
Can we be false to thee?
Sweet land where the earth and sky give birth
To the spirit of Liberty?
Not while our maids are good,
Not while our sons are free.
For the fairest land
From God's own hand
Is the Basin of Tennessee!

—*John Trotwood Moore.*

THE CUMBERLAND RIVER.



HOW do you know which way is up a creek or river? Then which way is down a river? Think of our river here, at Nashville. What is its name?

“Oh, tell me, pretty river,
Whence do your waters flow?”

If we should go up, up, up the river a long way, of course we should come to the place where it starts. In what did our little creeks in Nashville begin? In what do you think you would find our river beginning? On what kind of land do you think that spring must be? The place where our river starts is towards the northeast from Nashville. Point that way. It is up on very high land. We call that very high land a mountain.

“My birthplace was the mountain,
My nurse the April showers,
My cradle was a fountain
O'er-curtained by wild flowers.”

Up there among the mountains there are many other springs. Their little branches all flowing down the mountain sides join together one by one, and so many flowing together make a large stream which we call a river. Many large creeks, too, come flowing in, and our river becomes larger and larger. Does it get all its water from the springs and creeks and small rivers?

Of course, the flowing of the water shows which way the bed of the stream slopes. There is one place up there near the mountains where the bed of the river is just like a high, steep bluff. For miles around you can hear the water as it falls over this high place. This is called a waterfall. After passing this high place in its bed, the water flows along sometimes fast and sometimes more slowly. What does that show about the slope of the river bed? As the river passes Nashville you can see it flowing on, on down the slope of its bed, towards the lower land.

“And whither are you roaming
So pensive and so slow?”

That is the way we may ask the river where its water is going. The very water that we see going past us here at Nashville at last goes into the ocean. But that is a long, long way off. First, our river flows into the Ohio River; that flows into the Mississippi River; and that flows into the Gulf of Mexico, which opens into the Atlantic Ocean. Does the Cumberland River flow in a straight line? What makes it wind in and out?

GOD.

I see Thee in the distant blue;
But in the violet's dell of dew,
Behold, I breathe and touch Thee, too!
—*Father Ryan.*

PART II.

FROM THE EARLIEST DAYS.

“Imagination is an eye of the soul.”

—JOURBERT.



WEST OF THE MOUNTAINS.

(DR. WALKER, 1748.)

More than one hundred and fifty years ago some white men came into the great forest. They came over some very high mountains. On this side of those mountains there were many pretty streams of water running through the valleys. These made a large river after a while. However, they crossed these little streams and went on towards the west. They found paths and other signs of Indians. But they found that they could travel for weeks without meeting one, so it seemed large enough for the white men, too. At any rate they wanted to go on just to see the country, for it was very beautiful. At last they came to other mountains. These were not so high as those they had passed. The Indians called them Wasioto.

One day they came to a low place in the Wasioto Mountains. It was so low that they could easily get through to the western side. They did not have to climb up one side of steep mountains and down on the other. They called this place a Gap. Their way was towards the setting sun.

By the path as they entered the Gap, and again as they came out on the western side, they had seen queer piles of stones.

It seems that the Indians, and, too, a people who lived here before the Indians, had made these stone piles there.

When going through the Gap each one would bring two stones, and leave one as he went in and one as he passed out on the other side. Those people thought that this made the mountain feel kindly towards them.

After passing the Gap they found the most beautiful country they had ever seen. And in it they found a pretty river. The Indians called it the Wariota. But these English-speaking men wanted to give these places English names. So they called them the Cumberland Mountains, the Cumberland Gap and the Cumberland River.

Soon these men wanted to go home. They turned around and went towards the rising sun. In that direction, they knew, lay their homes.

Upon reaching home they hurried to tell what they had found. The news went far and near; but very slowly, as it must do in those days. People heard for the first time of those lower mountains, the Gap, the river, and best of all, that beautiful country west of the mountains.

But those men had only had a glimpse of that new country as they stood on the high land and looked far away to the southwest. So they wondered and asked one another many questions. They would say, "Would you not like to see where all those beautiful streams of clear water flow—those gay little streams we saw hurrying down the hill-sides?" And the river—the Wariota—which they had so lovingly named the Cumberland, "What of all the land through which it flows?" they often asked.

Then one man, a hunter, would start off, find himself

near the lower mountains, come through the Gap, and perhaps wander about for months all by himself. He would go far down into that rich and wonderful country stretching far away to the southwest.

And these hunters found that no Indians lived west of the Cumberland Mountains. They only came now and then to hunt. But the truth was that Indians well knew these hills and valleys, springs and little rivers. And well they loved their beautiful hunting grounds. It was then like a great park. Thousands of wild animals made their homes here. It is now Middle Tennessee—our glorious Middle Basin.

THE HUNTERS.

PART I.

When a man came hunting out in this new country, he did not care which way he went. He found plenty of game in every direction and the land did not belong to anybody.

Did you ever go out into the country? Did you ever run up a hill, or down by the creek, or across a meadow, just to see what was on the other side? Did you like to do that? Then you know how those hunters felt. You know one reason why they kept going on and on. It was so beautiful that they wanted to see more and more of it.

If we would work and play in the fresh air more, perhaps we could be as strong and healthy as those men were.

They thought nothing of walking five or six hundred miles. They lived in the woods so much that we sometimes call them woodsmen. Many of them lived out of doors for years, rarely sleeping inside of a house.

When night came they stopped and made ready to sleep wherever they happened to be. There they would make a fire and cook something for supper. Then they would lie down on the ground near the fire to sleep. Sometimes they went to sleep on the grass without any cover, or they spread out the skin of a buffalo or bear and wrapped themselves in it.

Then they could often hear the wolves or the wildcats, and they knew there were bears out in the darkness.

Sometimes, lying as they were in the bright light of the fire, they would look out into the woods, where it was dark, and see the eyes of wild beasts shining and moving as the animals walked around the circle made by the fire-light.

The wild beasts were afraid of the fire, and never came far into the light. The men were not afraid of them as long as the fire burned. So they took it turn about to stay awake to keep the fire burning.

The way in which these men made their fires is a strange thing. If two flint rocks are struck together sparks will fly from them. The hunters had learned how to rub two sticks together so as to make something like dust come from them. The sparks would easily set this dust on fire.

And they knew how to place the leaves or twigs so as to catch the little blaze from that burning dust.

There was always plenty of wood around, so they had a good fire almost always when they wanted it. But when things were wet with rain or snow it was hard to start the fire. They had a way of drying meat so that it would keep. This was useful in case a fire could not be made. It was called jerked meat.

Can you think of something to eat that could be found in the woods during each of the seasons?

It will be easy to think of what fresh meat they could have, and there were plenty of fish in the streams.

PART II.

Each of these woodsmen wore a hunting shirt made of buckskin. It had a fringe of the same around the bottom. He also had on leather leggins, fringed up the sides, and he wore Indian shoes called moccasins. On his head he had a cap made of coon skin or squirrel skin, with the tail hanging from it down his back.

He carried his hunting knife in his belt and his trusty gun on his arm. He had a horn for his powder hanging at his side; and in a leather bag he carried his lead or bullets. He nearly always had a dog with him, and sometimes he had several.

He was never afraid of getting lost, and he did not always carry a compass either. The sun, the moon and the stars showed him the north, the south, the east and

the west. And even the trunks of some of the trees showed him the north and the south.

Suppose you found one of the four directions, could you find the others? The hunters could do that.

On clear nights they looked for the Great Dipper and the North Star. Have you seen them?

The only time we ever heard of a hunter getting lost was once when a heavy sleet covered everything. The clouds were thick and it was very cold. For two or three days he did not know which way he was going.

Is it not wonderful to think of being out in all the rain, the wind, the darkness and the storms? Think of the winter time, with its ice and snow and sleet.

But think, too, of the long beautiful sunshiny days. There are so many of them all through the year.

And think of the beautiful moonlit nights, and of the clear nights when there is no moon and the stars shine so brightly.

Now if one of the hunters wanted to go back exactly the way he had come, he did this: as he went along he chopped a little piece of bark from the side of a tree; then a little further on from the side of another tree and so on.

When this was done he said the trees were "blazed." He called his pathway a "trace." So when he went back he followed the trace he had blazed.

Some of these "blazed traces" became roads after a while.

THE SURPRISE.

1767.

PART I.



HERE is a little story once heard about some hunters: A small party of hunters had a camp near the mouth of Stone's River. Early one morning one of them found something that made him stop in surprise. There along in front of him was a little path! That would not surprise you if you were out in the woods now. But

it would have done so in those days; and it certainly did surprise him. He had seen a few paths before while out in this wild country, but they always seemed strange to him. He did not stop to wonder long, for he called his friends quickly. When one of the old hunters came up, he smiled and said, "Come, let us see where it will lead us."

It was not long before they heard something coming towards them on the path, and when they got around the turn, there they were face to face with a buffalo.

The buffalo was so surprised that he snorted and jumped suddenly aside and ran off through the thick bushes. "Oh, ho," said they, "so this is a buffalo path." And they made up their minds to follow it wherever it would go. After passing through large canebrakes, they

found themselves in the midst of a beautiful valley, with the beautiful hills in sight on every side. Through this valley they went on several miles, and over some hills into another valley. There the men heard a curious rumbling sound. They hurriedly stepped aside, ran up a hillside and watched. It was well they got off the path in time, for a great herd of fifty or more buffaloes came galloping by. Their big heads were down towards the ground. These never would have stopped for the men, but would have run straight over them! But why should the buffaloes be in such a hurry? It seemed strange.

That afternoon, just after passing between some hills, the men found themselves near a large spring of fresh, cold water. Here the buffaloes, the elk, the deer, the bear and wolves had often stopped to drink, for their tracks could be seen all around. They rested a little while under a large oak tree near by. Then on they went, the path leading them toward the northeast, and a very well-beaten path it was then. Other paths had been seen coming into it. It had become broader, and there was a wide space on each side where there were no bushes and little grass. In a very short time they were near the foot of a steep hill which rose high above them on their right. On their left was a wide valley through which ran a beautiful creek. Only a few trees stood here and there in that valley and there were no bushes. The ground had been trampled by the feet of wild animals for many years. Following the path around the foot of the hill, there they found to what it led.

Near the foot of that hill was a very muddy place. All around it and in it were buffalo and elk and deer, pushing and crowding each other to get something. Some were stamping and bellowing and pawing the ground. To save their own lives the men had to get out of the way of those great beasts! So they went up on the hillside south of the valley and waited.

After a while, when the crowd of animals went away, the men went down into the valley. They found that clear, sparkling water was oozing up from that muddy place. On tasting it they found it was strong salt water, clear and cold! So this wonderful place in that low valley these men called "The Salt Lick." Was not that a good name for it?

The creek was not the branch running from the Lick. The creek water was fresh, not salt water. But because the creek ran so near the Lick it was called Lick Branch. That high hill south of the Lick had a round top like a knob. It had many cedar trees growing upon it as well as forest trees, so this hill they called Cedar Knob.

And now you must know where the hunters were.

Yes, the place where all the animals were crowding was our Sulphur Spring! Those men were in our Sulphur Spring Bottom.

NOTE.—There used to be much more salt in the water than there is now. The cause of the change is another story.

PART II.

The Salt Lick, the Knob, the Branch, the animals and their paths were not the only things the hunters found in that Bottom. They enjoyed walking all around in it and finding its strange, pretty places. They are almost all gone now. It is no longer the beautiful place it once was. The Sulphur Spring and the Knob, or Capitol Hill, are all that are left. The best way for us to see where these things used to be is to go up on Capitol Hill and look down into the valley on the northern side.

On both sides of the valley the hunters found large fresh water springs. The largest of these was afterwards called the "Judge's Spring." Their waters, too, were clear and cold and their little branches ran into Lick Branch.

Going down Lick Branch they soon found themselves in a canebrake. There the cane grew very thick and high. Some of it was twelve feet high. The Branch made many turns as it flowed down through the canebrake, and to their joy the men found themselves at the mouth of Lick Branch on the bank of the river. They were glad to know that they were again so near the Cumberland River.

Between the salt spring and the river, north of the Branch, there was a strange pile of dirt. It was very large. Grass was growing all over it. It showed that it had been made by people. The dirt had been piled up and made flat on top. This was called a mound. The hunters could not understand this mound. Near this big mound, and even on its top, there were a few rough old wooden posts. The men

wondered very much who had put them there. It did not look like the work of white people. But, strange to say, there were signs that white people had been there, and that, too, not very long before. "Ah, this is the place where the Frenchmen come to trade with the Indians," said they. "This is the big Salt Lick near the bluff on the river. The Frenchmen whom we met at our camp up the river told us of this place. We see that they have been here often before. Let us call it the French Lick." And so they did.

The hunters soon started on their way back to their homes. They had to find their way up the river through the great forest. Of course, they easily found their way and kept going toward the northeast or the east as they thought best. Then, of course, they went through the Gap in the mountains.

When at home, they told many a tale about the French Lick. They told what a good place to live in the country around it would be.

But we know of no English people who came here again for a long time.

NOTE.—The explorers of 1767 camped on Stone's River near its mouth. It is believed that they found the buffalo path that led to our Salt Spring, that they followed it and so did come into our Sulphur Spring Bottom. The name French Lick for our spring certainly started with these men. This party of 1767 were "Isaac Lindsey and four others."

But the first English-speaking people known to have

come into the country just south of the Cumberland River came in 1766. They came through Cumberland Gap. They were Col. James Smith, Joshua Horton, Uriah Stone, Wm. Baker and a negro boy. Col. Smith's horse was the first brought into Middle Tennessee by the English people. They made a rough little map of the country through which they passed. Once they stopped and had a long rest at the mouth of a little river. On this map they named this river for Uriah Stone, and Stone's River it is to this day. They explored the land between the Tennessee and Cumberland from the mouth of Stone's River to the places where the Tennessee and Cumberland flow into the Ohio.

During the next year, 1767, Uriah Stone was again on Stone's River. It was then that he went trapping with a Frenchman up this little river. Their boat was full of skins and furs. One day while Stone was away the Frenchman stole off with the boat and the lading. We shall hear of that boat again.

The Lindsey party coming that year met Uriah Stone and the Frenchman also.

Thus the French and English-speaking people met here in the year 1767.

There is hope for nobler things,
If such the future brings;
But O, here's love for everything
That long ago took wing.

—Howard Weeden.

THE MOUND.



THE Mound was one of the strangest things in the Sulphur Spring Bottom. After the white people came here to live they asked the Indians who made it. But the Indians knew nothing about it. The oldest of them said that their grandfathers had said that it was here when they came, and that was all they knew.

Once some men were digging near the Mound and found some curious graves lined with stone. After that many of these graves were found all along the gentle slope north of Lick Branch. The Indians could tell nothing about these either.

Then, men who study about such things dug into the Mound and into some of the graves. This was done just to find out, if they could, something about the people who made them. The Mound and the stone graves had been made by the same people.

In the graves were found many things that those people had made and used. The things showed that the Mound Builders could think and work better than the Indians, who were found here by the white people.

There were bowls of curious shapes which had been used in eating and drinking and cooking. These were made of clay and baked till they were hard. Some had a duck's head at one side and a duck's tail at the other. Some were in the shape of a fish. One big vessel showed that the peo-

ple had boiled the water of our salt spring to get the salt from it.

There were many other things which had been used in their daily lives. For when one of them died, something that he had used or liked very much was put into the grave with him. A whole set of queer tools have been found in one grave.

In a baby's grave on Brown's Creek was found a little image of a child strapped to its cradle board. It is nine inches long. It must been a plaything, a kind of doll. In another little grave near by was found a baby's rattle. All these things are made of clay.

It is by these things that we have learned much that we now know about the Mound Builders. We can see many pieces of this pottery in the Historical Society rooms and at Vanderbilt University.

These strange people must have loved this beautiful land where Nashville is now. They thought our Salt Spring one of the best of all the places near here, because there they put a Mound and their graves around it.

But there were several mounds near Nashville, with thousands of graves around them.

A row of three mounds was in East Nashville, on the river bank just across from the mouth of Lick Branch.

One large mound was near the sulphur spring in West Nashville. Another was near Stone's River, another on Brown's Creek.

There, on Brown's Creek, the largest number of graves

have been found. And there, we are glad to know, the Mound can still be seen. It is between the Franklin Pike and the Glendale car line, and can be seen from both. It is a short distance northwest from Longview. It is on the brow of the hill and overlooks the valley where some of the stone graves were found.

When we stand there we think of what may have taken place on that spot in those bygone days. For what part of their worship was it used? Or did some old chieftain have his home there?

The country in the neighborhood of Nashville was a great gathering place for these people. It is called one of their cities.

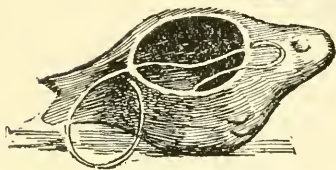
There were wonderful stone forts protecting this city from its enemies. Two were on the north in Sumner County, one on the east in Wilson County. Three or four were towards the south in Williamson County, along the banks of the Harpeth River.

There were none towards the northwest, or down the Cumberland. This seems to show that their own people lived in that direction.

These stone forts, stone graves, the mounds and the pottery are full of interest to us.

When we look at one of those pretty little bowls which was found in a stone grave, we may sometimes try to think of how it was used, and why it was put into the grave. But we just have to wonder and dream of the little tales it could tell if it could speak.

(To a little bowl in the shape of a fish.)



L

ITTLE Bowl

What sweet tale of the woods
canst thou unfold?

Of the wild life lived about thee,
With these dear hills all around
thee

And this same blue sky above
thee?

Must we wonder still, and dream
it told—

Little Bowl?

(Some of the Dreams.),

I.

Does the potter old, with solemn, stolid face,
Sit and press and smooth and fashion thee, the while?
When he sees that he has caught the fishes' grace,
Then comes there not the shadow of a smile?

II.

Does a mother hold thee to her baby's lips?
Is she leaning 'gainst a tree, beside a spring?
Is her tender young face smiling as he sips
The clear and sparkling water that you bring?

III.

Is it summer?
Does the mother leave her baby,

Leave this fair world and her loved ones?
Does the father, sad and lonely,
Searching for some treasured object
To go with her on her journey,
Find thee, little bowl, and place thee
Tenderly beside his dear one?

Did you try to follow her sweet soul—

Little Bowl?

THE SHAWNEES' FORT.

(1672-1710.)

Another thing which made the hunters wonder when they came into the Salt Lick Valley was the row of old posts near the Mound. They knew that these had not been put there by white people.

Years after, while talking with Little Cornplanter, a friendly Cherokee Indian, they heard this story:

As far back as the Indians knew, all this country where Tennessee and Kentucky now are, had been the best of all the hunting grounds. All the tribes wanted it.

Six strong tribes joined together and called themselves the Six Nations. They lived near the headwaters of the Ohio River. They were so strong that they thought they could govern all the Ohio and Wariota countries, and that means all the land where Tennessee and Kentucky are now, besides other land. There were Indians to the east of the Wariota country called the Cherokees, and to the southwest called the Chickasaws. These were strong tribes,

too, and had a right to all this beautiful country. All these tribes decided that none should live on these fine hunting grounds, but that any of them might come to hunt when they pleased.

There was another tribe called the Shawnees. They were a restless tribe, wandering about from place to place. About a hundred years before our hunters came, some of these Shawnees had come and made their homes on the banks of the Wariota. Here they stayed for nearly thirty years. They thought they had a right to live here because the Six Nations said they might. But the Cherokees and the Chickasaws said: "No, they shall not stay. We decided that none should live here." So together these two tribes tried to drive the Shawnees away.

Then there was terrible fighting all over our beautiful Middle Tennessee. After awhile the Shawnees saw that they would have to give up trying to stay here. So they went away from time to time in large parties. But one little company stayed. They did not want to give up. We wonder if they were the bravest. We do not know. These chose the place they thought the best in all this country. It was where they would have good water and where many animals came, so they could always have plenty of food near at hand. In the valley, which they chose for their home, there was a mound. They knew this mound was a good place near which to make a fort, so they made a strong high fence of posts close together. Inside this fence they could be safe and shoot at their enemies.

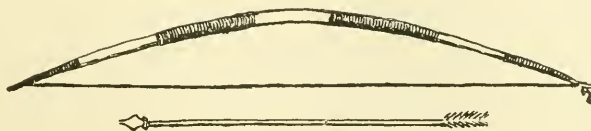
In what valley do you think they were?

Here in our Sulphur Spring Bottom they tried to live. But their fort near the mound did not help them long. We wish they had given up and gone with the others. At last they saw that they could not hold out against the great tribes of the Cherokees and the Chickasaws. So they decided to join the rest of their tribe up on the Ohio River. One day the little party got all their things together. They went down to the river. They went to the mouth of the Lick Branch through the canebrake. They all got into their little canoes—all the men, women and children. They started down the river. As their little boats floated on and on we think they must have watched the banks very closely for fear some of their enemies were lurking there.

Alas for them! The Chickasaws had found out that these Shawnees were coming down the river, trying to get away. Down near the mouth of Harpeth River they lay in wait for the little boats.

And every single one of those Shawnees was killed that day!

The fort was left there by the Salt Lick, silent and alone!



THE FRENCH.

FIRST WHITE MEN AT THE BIG SALT LICK.

Old Frenchman, 1710.

Charles Charlvile, 1714.



HIS tells of what happened in the Salt Spring Valley several years after the Shawnees went down the river.

In those days there were many Frenchmen living near the mouth of the Mississippi River. Many of these had come from Canada and found their way by sailing down the great river.

The French had hoped to find gold and silver in the new country. But at this time they had about given that up, and one of them sent out word that he would buy all the furs and skins of wild animals that could be brought to him. That started many men out into the Indian country to get these things. They went on the rivers, because that was so much easier than walking through the wild new country. An old man who had been up some of the rivers before, took Charles Charlvile with him in his little boat. Charles was a boy about fifteen years of age.

A large number of men started out at the same time. Some of their boats they called pirogues. After awhile the number of boats on the great river became smaller and smaller. For when the men came to the place where another river flowed into the Mississippi, some would say in their pretty French language, "We will go up this river and see how much we can get up there."

But the old man and the boy paddled on and on until they came to the Ohio River. Into that they turned and came up until they reached the mouth of the second river that flowed into it from the south.

They were then alone. None of the others had wanted to go so far. Charles was helping all the time. Every night they camped on the bank. They knew they were coming up the Shawnee River. They called it the Shauvenon, meaning the river of the Shawnees. On and on they came up our beautiful Cumberland River. The old man had been up this river four years before and knew to what place he was going.

Finally he stopped. They left the boat, and walking through the canebrake a short distance, he showed the boy the beautiful place. And they were the first of our race, of whom we have heard, who ever came to our Sulphur Spring. The logs of that old rough fort on the Mound, left by the Shawnees, were still standing. They used these in making a shelter for themselves.

The Chickasaws and Cherokees, having driven the Shawnees all away, now came as usual over these hills and through the canebrakes to hunt. They soon found that the two Frenchmen were at the spring and why they had come. So they brought furs and animal skins and traded them for bright colored beads and pretty colored cloth. These two stayed a short time and then went on their way down the river with their boat heavily loaded.

Charles Charville came back a few times, but we know nothing more of the older man.

1760.

When Charlvile was an old man he told Timothy Demonbreun of a wonderful place far up on the Shauvenon where he could find good trading with the Indians. Demonbreun, then a young man, found the Big Salt Lick and the old stock-fort and the mound. He came back often to trade. Finally he came to live, and spent the rest of his long life here.

It was in 1767, as has been stated, that the French met the English at the Big Salt Lick.

FIRST SAILING ON THE CUMBERLAND BY THE ENGLISH.

1769.

It must have been about the third week of June: it was certainly in the year 1769. There were twenty strong hunters coming through Cumberland Gap. Do you know what a fine thing it is to be in the Cumberland Mountains in June? Those men found it out then. They must have stepped along lightly and joyously, for it is a joyous thing to be in the woods

“When the birds were singing gaily,
In the month of leaves were singing.”

Each man had a horse or two and John Rains had three. There were no paths except the few made by wild animals,

so the horses could not be used much for riding. They had to be led most of the time.

The men had come to explore and hunt. Suppose we guess what they had packed on their horses' backs. I believe they would need axes, and a pot or skillet for cooking; some blankets or buffalo skins; some bags for jerked meat and salt and corn. They may have had a compass and a tinder box. They had come to stay a long time.

Out in the forest west of the mountains they, too, found the swift flowing river. And they came down into the Cumberland country south of the river. They found a little river and named it for old Mr. Obediah Tirrell. It is still Obed's River. It, however, does not flow into the Cumberland. They found the other little rivers and came down as far as the Caney Fork. We can find some of those rivers on the map.

Even after what they had heard they were surprised at the beauty of the land, the richness of the soil and the great number of wild animals. These animals had never seen men before and were not afraid of them.

These hunters stayed all the summer and fall and the next winter. Most of that time they lived without bread or corn and they had very little salt. This was the first time they ever went hunting on the Caney Fork, or "down on Caney," as they afterwards said.

We know by their names that they were Scotch-Irish and Englishmen, and that there was one Dutchman. Among them were Abraham Bledsoe, Uriah Stone, John Rains, Obediah Tirrell, Thomas Gordon and Gasper Mansker.

THE VOYAGE.

(SPRING, 1770.)



IN April some of the men went back through the Gap, but ten of them stayed. They were Gasper Mansker, Uriah Stone, Thomas Gordon and others, ten in all. These decided to do a very venturesome thing. Gasper Mansker was their leader. They cut down some trees and made little boats which we call dug-outs. They made poles and rough paddles with which to help their boats along. These boats were loaded with bear meat and furs of buffalo and bear. Then the men jumped and started on a long and dangerous voyage down the river. They wanted to sell their cargo to the Frenchmen far down on the Mississippi. And these were the first English-speaking people who ever sailed down the Cumberland River. Stone knew the way as far as the Ohio. But "there was danger of being wrecked on the river and danger of being killed by the savages that lurked in the forest." The Indians might hide along the banks and shoot their arrows at them as they passed. But men in those days were no cowards, so very bravely they set forth.

The queer little boats came floating down the river. It so happened that after awhile they came to certain steep, high bluffs on the left bank. On the top of the second bluff cedar trees were growing dark and thick. There is something very different on that bluff today.

After passing these bluffs they found a creek flowing into the river from the left bank. When near the mouth of the creek they heard a great noise. They stopped to listen. It was the sound of buffalo, snorting, bellowing and stamping. The men left their boats and went up the branch through the canebrake. What a sight met their eyes! The valley was crowded with buffaloes. Mansker said that he had never before seen such vast herds of buffalo, "the whole face of the country seeming to be alive with them." Uriah Stone told Mansker that this was the French Lick. What branch was it they had gone up? Where are the bluffs they had passed?

And they saw the things in the valley that we know were there. They saw the Cedar Knob. They drank the fresh, cool water from the springs on the hillside; they saw the Mound and part of the old stock-fort on it; they saw the creek, and the muddy place near it, where the animals had trampled and pushed each other; and they tasted that strong, salty water which oozed up in the midst of the muddy place. They, too, were in our Salt Spring Bottom!

While here they covered their boats with skins to keep the cargo dry. After staying a few days, they went on their way down the river. The water was swift and the little boats floated along rapidly. In a little more than a week they were at the mouth of the Cumberland. Into what river did they then float? Near the mouth of the Cumberland they stopped and camped on the bank. Here they were very busy. The bear meat which they had was

boiled, turned into tallow, and poured into the lightest boat.

One day while this was doing, they heard something coming, and looked towards the forest. There they saw coming straight towards them twenty-five Indians! They came walking one after the other, Indian file.

They wore their war paint and feathers. They made no sound nor sign. They walked straight to the river and stood between the hunters and the boats.

Mansker had just made ready to start and the guns were in the boats. In a few minutes the Indians had taken all the guns and the powder and shot, and the little tobacco and corn and salt which the hunters had.

Then one of the Indians made Mansker understand something like this:

“We are Chickasaws. Our chief is Piomingo, the Mountain Leader. We are on the warpath and going to fight the Seneca Nation. They are enemies of the English people east of the mountains. We are friends of the English.”

Then silently those Indians turned and walked off into the forest. Mansker and his men, of course, did not like the loss of their guns. But it might have been worse, and the Indians said they were on their way to fight for the friends of the hunters. At any rate, it could not then be helped.

We shall hear of the Mountain Leader again, for after

the white people settled here at Nashville he became the very best friend they had among all the Indians.

A short time after this, Mansker met some French boats coming up the Ohio. The Frenchmen gave him salt, flour and tobacco, and he gave them some fresh meat.

In a little while those queer, heavy little boats floated out of the Ohio.

So on down the big Mississippi they went. The men had never seen such a big river before. And it was quite a hard thing to manage those rough, awkward boats on such a swift, great river. But they were brave and managed well. So the curious little boats carried them safely all the way down to Natchez, and they even went to some of the forts below Natchez.

There they sold all the cargo. Strange to say, Uriah Stone found the boat that the Frenchmen had taken from Stone's River.

Soon some of the party went home. But Mansker stayed down there from May to November, 1770. Then he and Baker started for home.

Their heavy little boats could not be rowed easily up the swift river. They paddled up a little way until they were tired, and then started off to walk through the forest. They then went across the country through what is now Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia and East Tennessee to Watauga and New River. Their homes were at Watauga and New River.

This was during the winter of 1770-1771.

After that the fame of the Cumberland country became even greater. Such wonderful tales did these explorers tell!

Now, these men longed for the beautiful land they had learned to love—that land far down the Cumberland. They said that of all the many places they had seen in the new country, they liked it best.

So the next year a large party came through the Gap. Mansker and many of his first party were with them. They came far down into the Cumberland country.

These hunters and explorers of 1770 and 1771 were called the Long Hunters.

You will read other stories of their adventures at some other time.

THE FIRST SETTLER IN MIDDLE TENNESSEE.

1776-1778.



THOSE few men had come and gone. These forests and grassy plains were just as if no one had passed that way. A few blazed places on trees were the only signs of the passing of a white man. The ashes of one or two campfires might have been left by Indians who came now and then to these pleasant hunting grounds.

In those days there was a man named Thomas Sharpe Spencer. He had heard how rich the soil was, and about

the immense number of wild animals here. So with a small party of friends he came to see for himself.

And he was the first white man who came with the distinct idea of making his home in the midst of this beautiful land. We must call him "the first settler of Middle Tennessee."

Before he came "there had been no breaking of the soil, no dropping of corn, no felling of trees" for cabins. His choice of all the places was near Bledsoe's Lick, which is now called Castalian Springs. It is near Gallatin. His land is still called "Spencer's Choice." Col. Bledsoe had told him about this rich and beautiful land.

At Bledsoe's Lick, Spencer and his friends cleared some ground. It was probably a canebrake that they cleared away. Then they planted corn. This little patch of corn was the first ever planted by *white* men in Middle Tennessee.

These men had actually brought their families with them. Soon they had built a high fence called a stockade around their little camp.

But soon the dangers and loneliness of the place caused the men to take their families back to the older settlements. Holliday and Spencer stayed. At last Holliday grew tired of the life in the woods and wanted to go home. But he had lost his knife. How could a man make that long journey alone without a hunting knife? To get his food in the woods he must have one. Then Spencer thought of a plan. He said to Holliday, "Come, I will walk a little.

way with you." The blazed trace was not then easy to find. So together they went on until Holliday was sure he knew the rest of the way. Then as they were about to part, Spencer took out his long knife, broke it into two pieces and gave one of them to Holliday. And without any fear this brave man turned to come back, while his friend went on to the settlement.

How strange to be here alone! And yet that was what Thomas Sharpe Spencer loved. For five months he stayed all by himself. He was not lonely. Over the hills and valleys he went day by day. The sounds in the forest were beautiful to him. Never in day or night was he afraid. He loved the woods in dark nights when bears and wolves were out, and he loved it in the bright sunshine, when the birds were singing.

He was "alone in the midst of endless forests, wandering and hunting throughout their vast depths; cool, courageous and self-reliant, going to sleep at night by a solitary camp-fire, with the hooting of owls and the screaming of panthers around him, and perhaps savage Indians hiding out there in the darkness."

Near Bledsoe's Lick he found a large, hollow sycamore tree. In this he kept his things and called it home. This tree was twelve feet in diameter.

He explored the country for miles around, so he, too, must have come into our Sulphur Spring Bottom. He thought it was nothing to swim a river whenever he wanted to do so. He must have walked about over our Nashville hills and valleys.

We know that he went over part of East Nashville.

A Frenchman was staying alone at Demonbreun's camp on a bluff down the river (Lock No. 1). Neither of these men had ever heard of the other. The Frenchman one day saw human tracks on the soft earth near his camping place. He was startled and uneasy. What manner of man might he be, friend or foe? And never had he seen a footprint so large. "Is he a giant?" thought the frightened man.

The next day he heard a great noise over in the woods and in the canebrake. There was loud whooping and yelling and bellowing, and shaking of the bushes and then of the cane.

"It must be that terrible man," thought he. In his fright he hastily swam the river and made his way very swiftly to Vincennes, away up in the Illinois country.

And the big footprints and a part of the noise were made by Spencer. He was that day following a buffalo.

He and Demonbreun must have talked and laughed over the Frenchman's fright, when in the years that followed they lived in Nashville and became such good friends.

SUMMARY.

The first people who lived where Nashville is now were those strange, almost unknown, people called the Mound Builders. Our Sulphur Spring Bottom was a very great place to them.

Next, great Indian tribes claimed these good hunting grounds as their own, and one tribe selected our valley as the best place for them to stay.

Then a few Frenchmen came. They saw that it was the best place for their trading. They came back now and then, but only to trade with the Indians.

At last, the English-speaking hunters found our valley. When they went back east of the mountains they remembered it. Of all the beautiful places, it seemed to them one of the best for a home.

Let us next see how English-speaking men came and made their homes at the Big Salt Lick.

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from a beech's heart,
A blue-eyed Dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

—*Henry Timrod.*

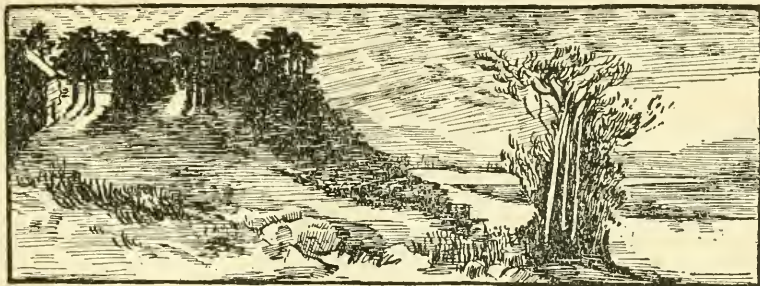
PART III.

IN HICKORY NUT DAYS.

These pioneers were like hickory nuts—with their hulls firm, hard
and rough withal, and their hearts full of
the richness of life.

*“May the time never come when the self-sacrificing toil and
the daring hardihood of the pioneers of Tennessee will be forgotten
or undervalued by their posterity.”*

—RAMSEY.



THE LITTLE TOWN IN THE CEDARS AT THE BLUFF.

FIRST SETTLERS IN NASHVILLE.

1779.

DO you remember that we learned of some very high mountains, and then of some lower ones which those English-speaking hunters passed? Between these rows of mountains there is a very fine country. It is now called East Tennessee. In it there is a large river and many smaller rivers. One of these little rivers is called the Watauga. The word Watauga means in Indian language the River of Islands.

Near this beautiful river there lived some good and brave men and women. But they had not lived there long. They had come from the east, near the seashore. They had crossed those high mountains and had found that country, with no white people living in it. They had bought the land from the Indians. But they had had a hard time trying to make their homes there. They had fought battles with the Indians and with wild beasts, and they had done

much hard work every day. They had cut down trees and used them to build their own little log cabins, along the Watauga River. The way in which all this was done shows how brave and true they were.

Now all of our hunters, after going back towards the east, through the Cumberland Gap, passed by this river. They stopped and stayed all night at first one cabin and then another on the Watauga; and they talked about the wonderful land they had seen over towards the west.

As they sat by the big wood fires at night in winter, or out under the trees on summer nights, they told about the gap in the lower mountains, and about the forests, and the rich lands, and good water, and the great number of wild animals down in the Cumberland country. That so many animals lived there showed how rich the land was. They also told about the Big Salt Lick, or the French Lick, as some called it.

Among the brave men living near the Watauga were many who thought a great deal about the land of which the hunters talked so much. They loved to live out of doors in the free, wild woods. They had already come once into a new country, and here was a chance to go again. And the newer country was said to be finer than the one they were living in then. The hunters said that this land did not belong to any one; that no Indians lived there, and that it was like a great beautiful park.

This lovely land seemed waiting and even calling for them to come. So they decided to go and see for them-

selves what was on the western side of the Cumberland Mountains.

There was no United States then. George Washington and his soldiers, east of the great mountains, were at war at that time, trying to make the colonies free. These men on the Watauga loved George Washington. They wanted to help him make this a free country. But they did not dream of how much help they were really going to give.

Some day we shall learn of the great things they did for him and for the whole United States by moving into the Cumberland country.

One day towards the last of February, 1779, a small party of men were ready to start from their homes on the Watauga. They were hardy woodsmen and all good friends. Captain James Robertson was their leader.

They had talked with Gasper Mansker and the other hunters, and had heard so much about a place called the Big Salt Lick near the Cedar Bluff that all the men said, "Let us go straight to that place."

Then they began that long and wonderful journey that the hunters had taken before. So, of course, they came through the Gap. They, too, often followed the buffalo paths which led through the dense forests and canebrakes from one salt or sulphur spring to another. And, too, they often blazed a trace for themselves.

They swam or waded creeks and rivers. They stopped at evening and made ready to sleep wherever they hap-

pened to be. They feared nothing, neither beasts nor men. For they were some of our brave and hardy hunters.

A month passed. They had walked five hundred miles. At last they found themselves at the end of their long journey.

Do you know where Main Street in East Nashville is? Well, they came through what is now East Nashville and near where Main Street is. They came to the river bank, and crossed near the place where the railroad bridge is now.

They found the mouth of Lick Branch and went up the branch through the canebrake.

Then James Robertson and his men saw everything in the Sulphur Spring Bottom just as the first hunters had said it would be. Can you tell five things they found? (The Big Salt Lick, the Cedar Knob, the Mound, the Creek, the animals.)

A few days after they reached the Lick another small party came. It was led by Gasper Mansker. These two parties joined together in their camp and in their work. Their camp was "convenient to the Lick." We wonder if it was on the north slope of the Cedar Knob. There was a good fresh-water spring there.

They had come to see the land about the Lick, so the next thing was to go all around to see it and find out what kind of place it was.

They climbed to the top of the Cedar Knob. There they could see as we can now, far out over the country, al-

though the thick cedar trees were partly in the way. They came down the hill towards the river. They came through the cedars that were growing where these places are now—Cedar Street, Market House, Court House and Public Square. The ground where the Square is, was then very rocky and uneven.

They came to the bluff where the central bridge is and looked over at the river. They went along the top of the bluff towards what is now Broad Street.

While walking along that bluff, they found a large spring. The water was fresh and clear and cold.

You can find the exact place where that spring was. Go down Church Street to the river. It was where the end of the street is now, near the top of the bluff.

NOTE—During the war the Federals were blasting near this spring for some purpose. After one special blast, the negroes at the work noticed that the water of the spring had stopped flowing. It never came any more. But when the river is very low a small stream of water may be seen low down the side of the bluff, flowing into the river. It is just under the spot where that fine spring used to be. It is the water of that spring coming out at this lower place. (Told by Mr. Morton B. Howell.)

“Yes,” said these men, who knew so much of this fine country, “this is the best place of all for our homes.”

They wanted to come here to live, but they knew they would not have a right to the land unless they planted a field of corn here. That was a law. So, over in the Sul-

phur Spring Bottom some ground was made ready. It was some of that rich ground where the canebrake was between the Lick and the river. There the corn was planted. A small sack of it had been brought for this use.

It was in the spring time of the year. Do we not know how sweet Nashville is when there is a feeling of spring in the air? How lovely it must have been before there were any houses, when it was just the woods everywhere!

While some were planting the corn, others were busy drying pieces of bear meat and of venison, as the meat of the deer is called.

This "jerked meat" would taste very good to them when the rain made it hard for them to hunt and find any animals in the woods.

In a few weeks the corn was growing finely. Then some of the men started back to Watauga. They were going to see about bringing the other men and their wives and children here.

But three men were left to keep the buffaloes from trampling down the corn. They knew well how the animals would come into the valley and stay about the Big Salt Lick. No fence that they could make would keep them from the corn. They wanted to be sure to save that little patch, for they knew how much it would be needed for food during the next winter.

James Robertson wanted to be sure that the land would belong to them. He had heard that he would have to buy the right to build some cabins. So he left the others to go

back to Watauga without him, while he went away up on the Ohio River to buy the "cabin rights." He went through the woods all by himself. This was in the summer. He went to a place in the Illinois country. He found that he did not have to buy the cabin rights; so he bought some horses instead.

Then he started into the woods again, but not alone. Several men went with him to help with the horses. He went to Watauga. It was autumn when he got there. He had been several hundred miles out of his way. He reached Watauga just as the men were ready to start back to the French Lick. How glad they were to see him and the horses he had brought!

A large number of men wanted to go with him this time. He saw among them the men he had left at the Salt Lick to watch the corn. They said that the buffaloes came in such large numbers that they could not be kept away from the corn. When they saw their fine patch ruined, they stayed no longer, but followed the blazed trace back to Watauga. And now they, too, were ready to go again.

The plan was for Captain Robertson to lead the younger men back across the mountains, then for the other men to go with their wives and children and try to find an easier way. It would have been very hard for the women and children to come as the men had done that first time.

Capt. Robertson's party started first. Let us see what they did. They came through the Gap along or near the blazed trace. There was much trouble in getting the horses

over many places. It had to be done, for on the horses were packed things they would certainly need.

Just before they came to the Gap, John Rains caught up with them. He decided to go wherever they did. And they were very glad to have him do so. He had his wife and two little children with him. So now we must think of a little boy and girl coming through that forest as the hunters had done. He had a small drove of cattle also.

That year the winter began early. It was very cold even in November. The cold rain and snow kept them from going fast. Sometimes they stayed in a good camping place for a week or longer. The weather was very hard on the horses and cattle.

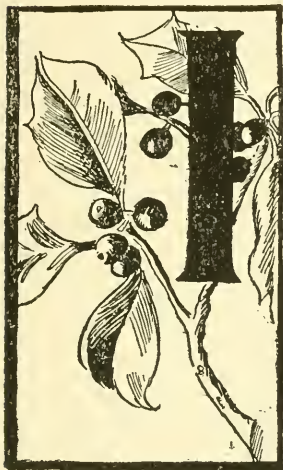
So it was near the end of December when they came through what is now East Nashville. At that time another party overtook them, amongst whom were John Buchanan and his wife, his two sons, John and Alexander, James Mulherin and his brother and Thomas Thompson. Captain Robertson was very glad to have them join his company.

THE HILLS.

These are the hills the Lord hath made
That man may fear Him unafraid.
Up through the gateway of the skies
Their purple slopes of peace arise
Like sunlit paths to Paradise.

—*John Bennett.*

CHRISTMAS, 1779.



T WAS Christmas time. All things were white with snow. It was cold, oh, so very cold!

All these people had been kept from freezing to death by using the skins of bears and buffalo. The two little children had slept in bags made of these skins.

Upon reaching the river it was found to be frozen over. Thick ice went from bank to bank. So thick it was that the whole company crossed on the ice.

And how do you think those children got over the ice that day? Their father pulled them across on their bearskins, used as sleds. What wonderful sleds these were! And how wonderful it is to think that the first white children who ever lived in Nashville came on bearskin sleds!

Most of the people and the cattle were on the ice at the same time. There came a sudden loud sound. It was like a cannon. It came from up and down the river for two or three miles. Oh! how frightened they were! How they did hurry to the bank! Then all looked to see what had happened.

It was found that the ice was in layers. This was caused by snow and sleet falling on the first ice, and then

itself freezing on top. The weight of the people and cattle caused the upper ice to settle down upon that below. Those people told about this over and over again as long as they lived.

After crossing safely they were in a hurry to get settled in some good camping place. So the little procession of men, women and children, dogs, horses and cattle went over the rocky hill through the cedars, where the Square is now. They went down the hillside towards Church Street. Do you remember the fine spring they had found on the bluff? Near it they stopped.

Let us try to get the thought of the houses and streets out of our minds. Let us think of the place as it was then.

The cold north wind and the cold, sharp northwest wind came blowing over the hill, as it often does to this day. The thick cedars helped to keep off some of this wind and behind them the cattle and horses hid themselves from its blowing. The cedars on the hillside were white with snow.

The big forest trees were standing bare and grey, with bunches of green mistletoe here and there. The ground, too, was smooth and white with snow, save where the men and their dogs and the horses had trampled over it.

The water from the spring was flowing but freezing as it went down the bluff. There it hung in great icicles from the rocks. The river was stiff and frozen.

But soon the camp-fires were burning brightly. And there was the sweet odor of burning cedar. The men cut branches from the trees and stuck them in the ground to

keep the wind from the fire and from themselves. The little children and their mothers must be kept warm and comfortable. Small tents of skin and half-faced camps were made as quickly as possible. These had their openings towards the south. But still the cold north winds came sweeping down the hillside, swirling the snow over the fire and into the camps. But all knew that their long journey was over; that here they were to make their homes. So there must have been the glow and warmth of a home feeling, too, rising in their hearts. And this was all on Christmas, the first Christmas in Nashville! Shall we not think of it every Christmas Day?

FIRST TWO MONTHS, 1780.

Snow stayed on the ground all January, and then the cold rains of February came. All this made work very hard.

But a house was what they wanted. So they began slowly to cut down some trees near by. After a few weeks a little rough log cabin was standing there. Then two more were finished. They were on the land between Market and Front Streets, just north of Church Street. Those three cabins were built in a line. The doors opened towards the river and the back of each was towards Market Street. There were no openings in the back.

They had dirt floors unless a large flat rock happened to be there. The walls were of rough logs, and roof of split

logs. The chimneys were made of rocks. The fire-place was very large and the hearth was a large flat rock. Was there any trouble in getting these rocks?

Later on these cabins were finished. The cracks or chinks between the logs were filled with a kind of plaster. This was sometimes made of clay with dry grass mixed with it before the water was poured over it.

In the spring time a high fence was built. It was made of posts set close to each other. It went from the back wall of one cabin to the back wall of the next. It then went around the sides and in front of the cabins. The posts were sharp pointed at the top.

This fence was called a stockade. The space inside this stockade was about half an acre. Two of the sides were longer than the other two sides. The long sides were in a line with the river bank.

There was a strong gate. This gate was at the place where Market Street now crosses Church Street. It opened towards the west, or up Church Street.

In the summer a two-storied log house was built by this gate. This was called a blockhouse. It had little openings for guns, or port-holes, around the walls. We shall hear about it later on.

A little trough of wood was placed so that the water from the spring could be turned into the stockade.

Why was all this done? It seemed as if they feared some danger.

A better place could not have been found for this fort.

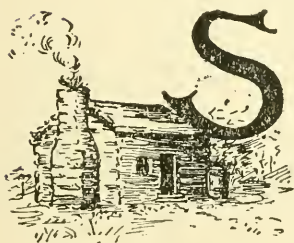
There was the large fresh-water spring. It was on the bank of the river and on a steep bluff, too. A good landing place was near. Forest trees in great numbers were near at hand on the hillside ready for cabins and firewood.

On the stump of one of the large trees they had what we may call a blacksmith shop. All the men worked in it at times, and were very proud when they did their work well. What a simple, queer little shop it was!

These men called this place their Station. They spoke of it as the Station on the Bluff. Often it was called The Bluff, or The Bluffs.

Every day, almost from the very first, somebody walked from the Bluff over to the Big Salt Lick and back. The only food the men had was the meat of some wild animal. This could always be found over there in the valley. So there was soon a path between the two places.

OTHER STATIONS.



SOME weeks after Christmas George Freeland and others built a cabin at the spring where the Cotton Factory is now in North Nashville. Then began much passing between Freeland's and the Bluff by way of the Lick.

A small group of men did not cross the river to find

their home. They went to a bluff a mile and a half down the river, and there built their cabin. This was called Eaton's Station. (Lock No. 1 is there now.)

After crossing the river on Christmas one man did not stop with the others on the Bluff. This was John Rains. He left them making their fires and went about two miles out towards the south. He went across what is now South Nashville, and he, too, stopped at a spring. This is still called Rains' Spring. It is near the Nolensville Pike. This place was Rains' Station.

Gaspar Mansker made his station at a fine sulphur spring that he had found many years before. The town of Goodlettsville is there now. This was Mansker's Lick and Mansker's Station.

Other stations were made at a later time. All of these can be found on the map.

Bledsoe's Station was the center of a group of stations, as was the Fort on the Bluff. It was of almost as much importance in the Cumberland Settlement at this early time as the Bluff Station, or Nashborough.

INDIANS.

One day in February some men came back to the Bluff and told a new story.

Out beyond Rains' Station they had seen strange foot-prints on the soft ground. From the way the toes turned in

they knew them to be Indian tracks. The Indians had worn moccasins, as their shoes are called.

Those brave men had followed the tracks. They led out to the creek, which we now call Mill Creek. There they found sixty Indians in camp. The Indians seemed very friendly. It was found that their home was far away to the northward, and that they had come down into this southern country to hunt in these famous hunting grounds. They were Delaware Indians.

The cold winter had made game scarce everywhere. Many Indians had died that winter for lack of food.

This is the way it seemed to all the poor Indians:

“O, the long and dreary winter!
O, the cold and cruel winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker
Froze the ice on lake and river.
Ever deeper, deeper, deeper
Fell the snow o’er all the landscape,
Fell the covering snow and drifted
Through the forest, round the village.”

So these Indians had left their village, and come here where they knew food could be found. They were surprised to see the white men. But they must have thought that they, too, had only come to hunt. That, they thought, was all right.

It was found that they moved their camp very often. The truth was they were watching the white men very

closely. But they kept so quiet that soon the men at the Bluff thought they had gone away.

SPRING.

SECOND CORN PLANTING.

The men spent many happy hours going about over these hills and valleys. They knew good land. The rich low lands, the beautiful hills, the springs and streams everywhere, and the great forest trees, pleased them very much. Each man was trying to decide which part he would like for his own, and where he would like to build his home.

As spring came on and little leaves began to peep out on the big forest trees, and the little wild flowers were blooming and the sweet feeling of spring was again in the air, how beautiful it must have seemed! Most of the men were seeing it then for the first time.

We have only to go out into the country near Nashville in the springtime to see for ourselves how lovely it was. Some of the trees we see in the country are the very same that were here then.

Corn planting time had come. Again the ground must be made ready. You remember that first little patch of corn planted in the Sulphur Spring Bottom and what happened to it. Now, during this second spring and summer there would certainly be enough men to keep the wild animals away. So they planted a large field, and it, too, was

on that good rich soil in the low bottom land along Lick Branch.

A WONDERFUL VOYAGE.



As the time passed on, these men at the Salt Lick became very uneasy. What had become of their friends with their wives and children, who had been left at Watauga to come by the other way?

The fall and winter had passed and spring had come, and still nothing had been heard from them.

When Captain Robertson left Watauga in the fall the plans for the other party were all made. Colonel John Donelson was to be their leader. All knew that he was wise and brave and good, and they knew he would bring them safely through all dangers, if any one could. So when that long time had passed and still he did not come, the men here thought something dreadful must have happened to the whole party.

Let us see what was happening to them.

The Watauga flows into the Tennessee. At that time the Tennessee was called the Cherokee. This river is larger and longer than the Cumberland. And if we look on the map we shall see what a big bend it makes. It flows southwest, west and north. At last it flows into the Ohio. The Cumberland also flows into the Ohio.

The people at Watauga did not know this, but they guessed it. So they said, "Let us try to go down the Cherokee to the Ohio, and see if we can find a way up to the Cumberland and to the French Lick."

None but Indians had ever taken this voyage before. The Indians said that to go to the Wabash (Ohio) in a canoe, it would "take two paddles, two warriors, three moons." So these men and women knew that a long voyage was before them. They also knew there were many dangers along the way.

When asked about the wild beasts in the forest, the Indians told how many there were by pointing to the leaves on the trees, and to the stars. Like the leaves and the stars there were so many they could not be counted. Still the fearless party got ready for the voyage with brave, cheerful hearts.

1779.

That autumn at Watauga was a very busy time. The boats were made. They were not comfortable and fine like ours. They were odd, rough little boats. There were forty in all. It took some time and thought to load them with the things they wished to carry to their new homes.

Colonel Donelson's boat was not a large one, but it was the largest of all. It was flat and looked like a barge with the sides planked high all around it. One end was covered.

It carried a little cannon!

Since it was to adventure into strange waters, it was named "The Adventure."

Captain Robertson's wife, Mrs. Charlotte Robertson, and their five boys were with Colonel Donelson's family on *The Adventure*. Mrs. Ann Johnson, a sister of Captain Robertson, was there, also Mrs. Peyton and her father and mother.

Then there was Colonel Donelson's wife and their large family. Their youngest daughter, Rachel, was fifteen years old. She had pretty dark curls and rosy cheeks and laughing black eyes. She was always, even in times of great danger, brave and bright and gay. She afterward became the wife of General Andrew Jackson.

The light-hearted merriment of the young people helped to make many hours happy. There was a fiddler among them, and there was singing and music and dancing of a happy, merry kind. A girl like Rachel would make things bright and cheerful anywhere.

We have the names of nearly every one in that brave company. There were one hundred and sixty people on *The Adventure*. Quite a number of them were colored people. We must not forget Patsy, the cook, nor Somerset, the Colonel's body servant.

The fleet did not start until December 22, 1779. It was that long, cold winter, when the ice and snow came in November. This had kept them from starting. Then, on account of the bitter cold, the ice in the water, and the sleet and rain, they traveled very slowly. They camped nearly two months in one place. It was about February 20, 1780, when they got another start, but for another week

they were forced "to lay by." On the 27th they "pushed off," but this time several boats struck on a shoal. They could not get off until the next day. But this was nothing when we know of the troubles that came afterwards.

On Wednesday, March 1, the voyage was begun in earnest. The boats were made so they would float easily down stream. On they went quite rapidly, but many things took place as they went.

Captain Robertson's men had made their way through five hundred miles of mountains and forests, wading and swimming the streams. All this was done in the freezing bitter cold of a very cold winter. What chance had they for writing about anything?

But floating down the river in *The Adventure* there were many times when those on board could sit at ease and talk or think. And Colonel Donelson did write. Almost every day he wrote in his diary about the exciting things that were happening. He used a quill pen. His ink must have been made from roots or bark, or probably from gunpowder. We are very glad he wrote this diary.

The paper that he wrote upon is still kept. It is kept by the Historical Society at Nashville. It is one of our treasures. It begins this way: "Journal of a voyage intended by God's permission in the good boat *Adventure*, from Fort Patrick Henry, on Holston River, to the French Salt Springs, on Cumberland River, kept by John Donelson."

Some day you may read it yourself. Can't you see him

sitting quietly resting, and writing as the boat floated easily along? Or maybe some of it was done by the campfire at night.

The Tennessee River cuts through the Cumberland Mountains. There the banks are high and the river is narrow. There is a place there called the Whirl, or Suck, which is very dangerous. It was along there that Indians gave all the boats so much trouble. They followed along the bank, calling out, "This side is best for boats to pass." They came out in their canoes, intending to stop some of the fleet and kill all the men they could. One small boat was caught that way. Colonel Donelson ordered the fleet to stay close together so as to help one another. A boat struck a rock and stuck there. Mrs. Peyton and her mother helped by throwing the cargo into the water to lighten it, while the men shot at the Indians. When it at last floated off and caught up with the fleet there was great rejoicing. The women's clothes were full of bullet holes, but no one had been struck. Several men were killed as the boats passed that narrow place.

After awhile they came in sight of the Mussel Shoals. Read what Colonel Donelson wrote about them:

"When we approached them they had a dreadful appearance to those who had never seen them before. The water being high, made a terrible roaring, which could be heard at some distance among the drift wood heaped frightfully upon the points of the island, the current running in every possible direction. Here we did not know

how soon we should be dashed to pieces. . . . Our boats frequently dragged on the bottom. . . . They warped as much as in a rough sea. But by the hand of Providence we are now preserved from this danger also. I know not the length of this wonderful shoal. We must have descended very rapidly, for we passed it in about three hours. Came to, and camped on the northern shore, not far below the shoals, for the night."

During the next few days they were again attacked by Indians, and several were wounded. One night the fires were kindled and they were getting ready to sleep, when all the company were frightened by the incessant barking of the dogs. They quickly got into the boats, "fell" down the river about a mile and camped on the opposite shore.

Then they moved on peacefully for five days, when they reached the mouth of the Tennessee. This was Monday, March 20. There they found troubles of a different kind.

"The river is very high, the current rapid," and their boats were not made to go easily up stream. The crews were "almost worn down with hunger and fatigue."

But they knew they must go up this big Ohio. The hard work began and slowly the boats moved up the stream.

Tuesday, March 21.

"Set out and on this day labored very hard and got but a little way. Camped on the south bank of the Ohio. Passed the two following days as the former, suffering much from hunger and fatigue."

Friday, March 24.

"About 3 o'clock came to the mouth of a river which I thought was the Cumberland."

But no one knew that it was.

Still they decided "to make the trial, pushed up some distance and encamped for the night."

But they had hard work rowing up the stream. So Colonel Donelson fixed a small square sail up on The Adventure. Two men stood at the lower corners of the sheet to hold it in place. Thus they got the wind to help the big boat along. The men at the oars were very thankful. Yet what slow, hard work it was! And suppose they were not on the right river! How discouraged they felt!

And the people were all hungry.

"We are now without bread," wrote Colonel Donelson. There was left only a little seed corn.

But by this time they had come into that wonderful country of which we have read so much, where the hunting was always so good.

They could now get buffalo meat. But the animals were somewhat scarce and very lean on account of the cold winter. But it tasted very good to them. Then one day they killed a swan, "which was very delicious."

A few days later, while they were camping tired and hungry, and trying to rest, Patsy found something. It was salad, or greens. It was growing all over the meadow. How she did hurry to get it! She was very glad to get some green fresh thing to eat. They called it Shawnee Salad. Can you think why they named it thus?

On Friday, March 31, a very cheering thing happened. It was a great surprise to Colonel Donelson. There on the bank stood his friend, Colonel Henderson. They had left him at Watauga. He had walked through the forest straight west. How strange that he should have been at that place on the bank just as *The Adventure* was passing!

He told them all that they wanted to know. First that they were on the right river. That was good news. Then they told each other about everything that had happened since they parted. Then they said goodbye and on went the little fleet up the river.

Everybody was happy now, but oh, so tired, and they were going so slowly.

NOTE.—A map of the bend of the river from West Nashville around to the Hospital Bluff could be drawn on the board and the children should locate the two Stations, also the bridges and Broad Street.

Sunday, April 23.

The Adventure came slowly around a bend. There before them was Eaton's Station (now Lock No. 1). Think of the joy and gladness on board the boats. They were so near the end of their long, long voyage. Only one mile and a half more!

I wonder when Captain Robertson at the Bluff first got the news that they were near. I wonder if Colonel Donelson fired off his little cannon to proclaim the good tidings. I like to think of what all may have felt and done as they came nearer and nearer. I feel sure the Robertson boys

must have kept a sharp lookout to get the first sight of their father.

They did not stop long at Eaton's Station. The very next day here they came up to the Bluff.

They were at the end of that dangerous and wonderful voyage. It was a joy to Colonel Donelson to bring to Captain Robertson and others their families and friends. He knew that they had feared they would never meet again.

Monday, April 24.

"This day we arrived at our journey's end at the Big Salt Lick, where we had the pleasure of finding Captain Robertson and his company. It is a source of satisfaction to us to be enabled to restore to him and others their families and friends, who were entrusted to our care, and who sometime since perhaps despaired of ever meeting again.

"We have found a few log cabins which have been built on a cedar bluff above the Lick by Captain Robertson and his company."

Monday, April 24, 1780. We must not forget this date.

GETTING SETTLED.

The Adventure moved up to the low bank above the stockade. Do you not suppose that now there was much running up and down the river bank? The things brought on the boats had to be moved up inside the stockade or into the cabins. And as the women worked, the place began to look more comfortable and homelike.

Until the cabins were ready they still stayed at night on The Adventure. Some camped on the bank. They knew by this time how to be very comfortable in camp.

Watauga itself was far out in the backwoods. So the things brought from there were mostly what they could make themselves. Here, so much further off in the forest, the things seemed even more comfortable and convenient. Here are some of the things to be moved from The Adventure:

There was a rough wooden bed, a feather bed, and some wooden stools. There were iron kettles and pots for cooking on the open fires. There were long iron hooks with chains called cranes, with which to hang the pots over the fire. All these they prized very much. Did you ever drink water from a gourd? They had gourds of different sizes. The smaller ones were used for drinking, and the very large ones were used instead of buckets and baskets. There were a few wooden bowls, too. In these bread could be made. And there were some steel knives and forks and some pewter plates.

We love to think of the spinning wheels. What care they must have taken when moving them! They brought a loom, too. And every woman had her knitting needles. A very precious thing brought was a little bundle of wool.

With these things would be made the only clothes that any of them would have for many days to come, except, of course, the men's clothes. They were hunters and made their own clothes.

There was some coarse cloth which some of the women had made at Watauga. This was to be used when it was needed.

And then there were a few tallow candles and some candle molds.

The men looked with joy at the plows and rakes and hoes, and the little bag of seed corn and garden seed. There were axes and augers and saws. These would be needed in cutting trees and building cabins and planting the fields they hoped to have soon.

Of course plenty of powder and lead had been brought. The lead was to be melted and bullets made when wanted.

The little cannon mounted on The Adventure they were quite glad to see, and all were very proud of it. This cannon they called a swivel. It was placed on the blockhouse above the gate of the stockade. That was not, however, until the following summer.

Upon a little shelf above the big fireplaces each one of the good women put the most precious thing she had in the world. It was a Bible.

They read it every day. They told their little children the beautiful Bible stories.

THE CHILDREN.

During all this time think what a good time the children were having!

They ran many times up and down from the boats to the stockade. They played about the spring on the Bluff. They fished in the river and they went about in the woods near the Bluff with their dogs. The woods, you know, were where the middle of town is now. They went down to Wilson's Spring Branch, also, and into the canebrake there.

There was a good path, by that time, between the gate of the station and the Salt Lick. The path went up the hill through the cedar woods along where Market Street is, across the Square along Cedar and Cherry Streets over to the Spring. Along this path the children ran and played every day. What fun they must have had down there around the Sulphur Spring! They had heard a great deal about the Big Salt Lick before they got here.

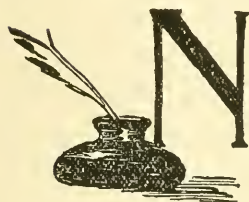
I wonder if any one thinks those children did nothing but run about and play? It may seem strange, but among the other things which they did, they certainly went to school. During that long trip on the boats from Watauga they had had their lessons nearly every day.

Besides the Robertson boys there were about twenty children. Mrs. Ann Johnson was a sister of James Robertson. When the boats started out she began to teach her little nephews. And then all the children came to her and she had a regular little school on board *The Adventure*. So the very first school that Nashville ever had landed at the Big Salt Lick on that Monday, April 24. For a short time Mrs. Johnson went on teaching the children.

It is said that some nice clean sand was put into a big

shallow box. In that the children learned to make the letters and to write.

THE FIRST MEETING.



NOW all the men felt that they could settle down here in earnest. The women and children made it truly a home. A message was sent to all the stations asking the men to come to the Bluff on a certain day. And so when the sun looked

down on the three little log cabins on that spring morning it saw a crowd of men gathered there. Some, from the more distant stations near Gallatin, had come on foot, some on horseback. All knew that their business was serious and important.

We are very proud of that meeting. It shows in one way what great and good men these were who began our city. And they were some of the men who began our State, too, and who were so "brave and true."

MAY 1, 1780.

May this date always be honored in the city of Nashville! This was the time of that first meeting of the Stationers, as they called themselves. These people were off here in the forest hundreds of miles from other white people. So at that time there were no laws at all to govern them. Now, these men belonged to a people that had al-

ways made laws or rules for themselves, and then kept them. Spread out on a rough wooden table in one of the cabins was a paper. On it were written a few good laws. At the end was written, "We do solemnly and sacredly declare and promise each other that we will keep, and make others keep, these our rules."

After hearing the laws read, they agreed that all were right. They talked of others that were needed and decided to meet again on the 13th. On that day they were all here. After reading the paper again the men walked in, and one by one each picked up the quill pen and signed his name. They could write well, which shows that they were men of some education. There were two hundred and fifty-six names.

Few people living here seventy-six years after that May day of 1780 remembered that such a paper had ever been written and signed. One day Mr. Putnam found an old trunk belonging to Col. Robert Barton. In it this wonderful paper was found. It is of the greatest value to us because it proves the kind of men who first settled in Nashville.

Many of the men who signed it lived here the rest of their lives and did as much for the good of the settlement as those of whom we hear so much.

At that first meeting James Robertson was elected Colonel. John Donelson was made Lieutenant Colonel. Major Lucas was next in command, and they elected four Captains. Another very important thing was that the fort on

the bluff was then named Nashborough. It was named for their friend General Francis Nash, who had been killed three years before at the battle of Germantown.

It was decided that the settlement was to be governed by twelve men. They were called judges or notables, and sometimes members of the committee. A certain number of good men were to be elected from each station. And it is one of the laws of which we are especially proud that these men were elected "by the people." So that really the people governed themselves. That was not so common then as it is now. These twelve notables were not paid for their work.

This little government was like the one at Watauga and at the Kentucky settlements. It was a free, independent government before the United States was formed. The people called it the Government of the Notables.

It began May 1, 1780.

SYNOPSIS OF THE ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT.

GOVERNMENT OF THE NOTABLES.

To do equal justice to all; to settle land claims; to settle all matters of dispute; to protect the land claims of those who should return for their families; to give farming tools and food to families when they first came to the settlement; to take care of widows and orphans of those killed by Indians; to keep peace and prevent evil-doing. This govern-

ment was to last until this land could become a county of North Carolina. A land office was to be opened on the 19th. The way to record a land claim is given in another place.

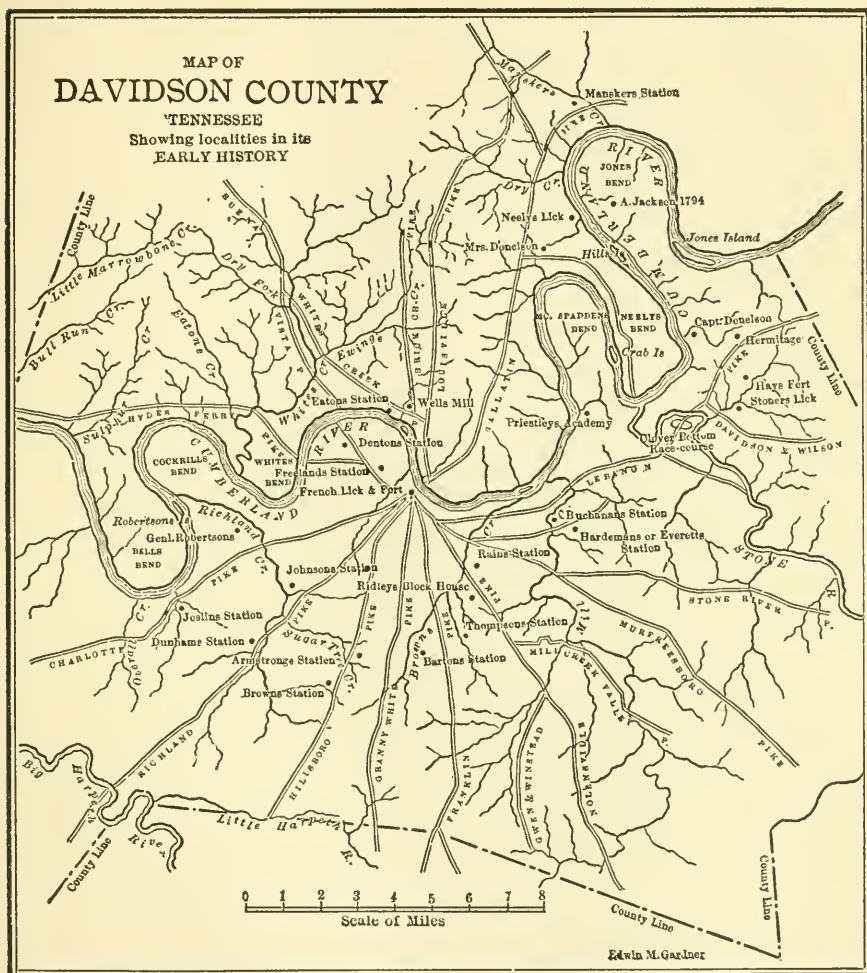
It was "agreed and firmly resolved" that a message be sent telling the State of North Carolina that this little settlement was here and that the people were faithful and obedient to the laws of that State; also to say that they were not upon any Indian land, as it had been sold to them by the tribe having a claim to it; to say also that this settlement wished to share with the State the cost of the great war then going on, and that they were faithful to the cause of General Washington; lastly, to ask that as soon as possible they might be formed into a county, and that they might have reasonable help in protecting themselves from the Indians.

THE BEGINNING OF SORROWS.



COLONEL ROBERTSON had been Captain of a company of good riflemen at Watauga. He was now in command of all the soldiers on the Cumberland. Yes, they would have need of good soldiers here.

One day about the last of April two hunters were on their way back to the bluff. As they crossed Richland Creek near where Belle Meade is now, they stopped to get a drink from the creek. One of them was shot. An In-



dian was hiding near. The other hunter ran and came into the stockade at the bluff in great excitement.

A little later a strange shot was heard over near the Salt Lick. People knew it was from an Indian gun. A young man was found, killed by that shot.

The Indian's tracks were seen, and Colonel Robertson and his men started after him right away. They went west from the Lick out the buffalo path. On and on the tracks were followed as far as the Harpeth Hills.

The Indian had slipped away.

But he had found out the little settlement. He would tell others.

"That was the beginning of sorrows," dear old Mrs. Neely said afterwards.

John Rains, who always seemed to act quickly, moved all his family in to the fort the very next day. He knew the Indians would come again.

A HAPPY TIME.

Still, all that sweet May time the people were happy. They were busy getting settled in their new homes. They hoped to make friends with the Indians. They knew that no Indians owned this land.

They had good laws and good men to see that all was right. They could go all over this beautiful country around Nashborough and select any land they wanted. To make it his own, a man must obey an easy rule made that May day.

He must sign the paper upon which the laws were written, and he must write his name in the land book called the entry book. Besides this, he must write his name or initials with the day, month and year on a tree (or something else that would last). This must be at a spring or some noted part of the land where all might see it. The first plan was to pay ten dollars for one thousand acres. But soon they began to divide the land into tracts of 640 acres each. One man could own more than one of these tracts of land.

There were so many springs and so many pretty places for houses and so much good land for farms that there was more than enough for all. Some were in a great hurry to build their log cabins and move their families out to them.

SALT.

SUMMER, 1780.

There are many fine mineral springs about Nashville.

Now salt was needed at all the stations. It was very much wanted. The men at the Bluff and at Freeland's lost no time in trying the water of the French Lick. And some good salt was soon packed away in gourds ready for use.

It was made in the Bottom near the Lick. A large iron kettle was filled with water from the spring. A fire was built under the kettle. It was kept burning so that the water boiled a long time. The water turned into vapor and

went off into the air. After a while the water had all gone. The salt that had been in the water was left in the bottom and on the sides of the kettle. Why did it not rise with the vapor?

A big kettle full of water left very little salt. So many kettles full had to be boiled before those gourds could be filled. And very carefully were the gourds placed on the high shelf in the cabin on the Bluff.

So the first thing of this kind made in Nashville was salt, and there near our Sulphur Spring was the first salt works.

Gasper Mansker wanted to get some salt near his station. So it was decided to try Mr. Neely's spring first. This is up the river near the bank. We now call it Larkin Spring.

Early one morning old Mr. Neely went to this spring to stay several days, trying the water. Some of the men from Mansker's went with him. His young daughter went with her father to do the cooking.

One day while the kettle was boiling well the men went off to cut some wood. They had made a half-faced camp. Old Mr. Neely was tired and had gone to sleep in the camp, under the low shelter of boughs and twigs. His daughter was busy cleaning up and getting ready to cook dinner. She was singing all the time, singing the "songs of Zion," which her mother had taught her. Her voice was sweet and loud. It could be heard afar off in the woods.

Suddenly that awful sound, an Indian gun, stopped her sweet singing. That shot killed her father.

Then two stout Indians ran from behind the bushes, got on either side of Miss Neely, took her gently by each arm, and ran with her far away through the forest. When she could run no longer they carried her. They took her to their village. There she lived for two or three years.

Indians loved music. It was her sweet singing that made them so kind to Miss Neely.

No salt was ever made at Neely's Spring. They did not try it again.

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1780.

Here are some of the things that happened that first spring and summer, 1780.

"In the summer of this year a man, some say it was Isaac Lefevre, was killed near the fort on the bluff." The exact spot was near Church Street between the First Presbyterian Church and Cherry Street, just a stone's throw from the gate of the fort.

"In the summer season Solomon Phillips went out from the fort to the place now called Cross' old field for simblings." This field was where the high school now stands. He was shot and died soon after. Samuel Murry was killed there also.

Robert Aspey was killed near where Christ Church is now.

As Philip Catron was coming on horseback through the thick cedars along the path from the Sulphur Spring to the Bluff he was shot. His arm was broken, but he escaped to the fort. Those thick cedars were at the corner of Cedar and Cherry Streets, near the Duncan Hotel.

Captain John Caffrey and Daniel Williams had tied their canoe to the shore and were "rising the bank" (climbing up the steep bank to the fort), when they were shot by Indians. Captain Rains chased the Indians over to the Sulphur Spring Bottom.

It was this summer that a servant of Mrs. Gilkie's was wounded while attending to the cows, near where the transfer station is now.

Early in the fall Mr. Taylor and others were "near the Bluff to the southwest." They were somewhere between Church and Broad Streets near the river. They were working on the gate of the fort, getting wood ready to strengthen the gate. Suddenly they were fired upon by Indians. No one was hurt and the Indians ran off. They did not go after the Indians, fearing an ambush. Col. Robertson was always a wise leader.

So many things were taking place and so near the station, too, that some timid ones were getting afraid to go out at all. One Indian, or maybe two or three, would come creeping up, hiding behind the trunks of large trees and bushes. Just see how close they got to the Station without any one knowing they were there until some one was shot!

How glad the people were that they had that strong fence around their cabins!

LITTLE BOY STORIES.

THE LITTLE BOY.



ONCE there was a little boy. His name was John. John lived in a little log cabin. He had never seen a town. He did not know how one looked. He had never seen any kind of house except a few log cabins like those at his home.

The cabins where he lived were close together and had a high fence around them. The fence was made of strong posts set close side by side, and the top of each was sharp pointed. Nobody could climb over that fence. It had one heavy, strong gate with a chain to keep it fastened, and there was a two-storied log house by the side of the gate.

John ran about inside the fence. There were ever so many rocks on the ground, and he and the other children would play with them. They would make play-houses and find pretty rocks to put in them.

But there were dogs and horses and cows, and the little boy knew all of them and loved them. The dogs and the puppies were always around ready to play. Even old Red-gill herself was gentle with him and as careful to guard little John from harm as she was her little puppies.

Early every morning John was out by his mother's side as she milked the cow. He would hold his little gourd while she poured the fresh, warm milk into it for his breakfast. And often that would be the only thing he would have. To him it was the very best kind of breakfast.

How he did love to hear the tinkle of the bell and the old cows' moo-moo, as they came up to the big gate every evening! The gate was opened very joyfully for them. In they walked, and the little boy's mother sat on a three-legged stool and got the warm sweet milk for his supper.

It was a proud day for John when he took his first ride on his father's horse. His father lifted him up, set him on the back of the big horse and then held him as the horse walked about in front of the cabins. He thought he was a very big boy indeed when he could ride a horse that way.

Sometimes the men would get on their horses. The dogs would all bark and yelp, seeming to know what was going to happen. Then the chain would be pulled and the big gate opened. Out would go the horses and men and as many dogs as they wanted would follow. The gate would be shut and fastened. The little boy would feel lonesome.

On towards night, or the next day, he would hear the dogs barking and the sound of the horses outside. The gate would be opened and in would come men, horses and dogs. How tired they looked! But they had brought with them the meat and the skin of a deer or a bear or a buffalo. They had been out hunting. Then John knew there would be plenty to eat for many days and a new animal skin that they needed so much. But he did not care for that meat as he did for the good, fresh milk he had every day.

Now, as he played around all day, and before he went to sleep at night, he wondered what was outside the high fence. The only things he knew out there were what he could see over the top of the fence. He could see the blue sky up above and the big white clouds floating across it. And he found out where the pretty yellow sunlight came from—that light that was so warm and that showed him his little shadow, and sometimes made it very little and sometimes very, very big.

He loved that yellow light that came into the cabin door early in the morning. At that time the sky had such pretty colored clouds all over it. He watched for the big yellow ball that seemed to come up in the morning in front of the cabin and made all that beautiful light. After a while he saw it back of the cabin going down, and the sky was prettier than ever. Then sometimes at sunset he could see the moon like a little bow in the western sky, and a bright star shining near, and again sometimes at sunset the moon would be like a great round yellow ball coming up from the east.

He found out that the rain came down from above, and he saw the black clouds and the streaks of lightning, and he heard the thunder rolling away off up in the sky.

Over the high fence little John saw the tops of the tall cedar trees and the big forest trees. He loved to see the wind shaking them about and to feel it blowing and pushing against him, too; and he heard it out there making

queer sweet sounds among the trees. He saw the birds flying about and heard their sweet songs.

And he could hear another sweet sound all the daytime and in the night time. The wind in the tree tops and the birds' songs sometimes stopped, but that other sweet sound never stopped.

One day he asked his mother what it was. She took him up into her arms and carried him out of the big gate.

And now he found out what made that sweet little tinkle, tinkle. They were standing near the top of a high bluff. From under a big rock there came flowing very fast a stream of clear and sparkling water. His mother said, "This is our spring." The spring branch ran right down the steep rocky bank and falling from one rock down to the other it made the prettiest little sounds. The singing of these little waterfalls was what John had heard all through the daytime and in the night.

They sat down on a big rock. John put his little hand into the water and found it very cold.

Sitting on the top of that steep bluff and looking down, it seemed to John that he had seen something like that before. He saw how the water rippled as it came flowing around the bend and went on past him. And his mother said, "That is our river."

Then John looked all around him. It was the great forest he saw out there, and across the river the big trees stood thick and green. And he began to love it all. The spring, the bluff, the river, the big forest trees and the

cedars were the world to him. He put his arms around his mother's neck and he loved her better than ever. The world out there looked so big.

He was glad when he got back inside the high fence and the gate was fastened. There were the few people whom he had always known, and the dogs, and the cows, and the horses, and the three little cabins, and his own dear father and mother.

And that night, safe and happy, he lay in his low bed listening to the sound of the water singing aloud to him as it fell over the rocks, down the bluff and into the river, and he went to sleep thinking about the water flowing on and on.

A DAY WITH JOHN.

Now here is a strange thing. You can today find the very place where John and his mother stood looking down at the river. You can find where the big gate was, and the spring, and the three cabins, and the blockhouse by the gate, and the high fence.

If you go down Church Street to the river, there at the end of Church Street is the exact place where the spring used to be. The fence and the cabins were just north of Church Street between Market Street and the river. The gate was at the southern corner of the fence—that is now the northern corner of Church and Market Streets.

And now, since we know exactly where John lived, there are many things we are very sure that he saw, and many things that we are very sure that he did.

During the summer there were some very rainy days. Then John had to stay inside the cabin nearly all day.

This cabin was built of logs, and the cracks, or chinks, between the logs were filled up with a kind of plaster made of wet dirt with dry grass and little rocks. The floor was just the ground, dry and hard. There was no window. The door was of rough wood, and the hinges were of wood also. There was a wooden latch with a leather string running through a hole and hanging on the outside. This string was called a bobbin. "Pull the bobbin and the latch will fly up," as her grandmother used to say to Little Red Riding Hood.

The roof was made of rough boards. Sometimes big rocks were put on them to help hold them in place.

There was a broad hearth made of large flat stones and a big fireplace almost large enough for John's mother to stand up inside. It was made of big rocks and the chimney was built roughly of these rocks, too.

There was a plain high wooden bed in one corner, and John's little low bed was pushed under it in the daytime. Sometimes curtains made of skins would be hung across the room, so it would seem like two rooms.

Over the door there were some wooden racks. On these racks were always kept guns ready for use.

One rainy day John's mother stood at her spinning wheel hard at work and making the wheel whir and hum. A little wool had been brought on The Adventure, but there had been so much to do that there had been little time for

spinning. The door stood open, for the wind was blowing the rain from the northwest, and her door opened towards the east. John's father was out under the shed, or the lean-to, where the men were all busy.

Some of the other women came in, and they sat talking and working cheerfully. The children and the dogs ran in and out all the time.

"Well," said John's mother, "I wonder if it is time to get dinner. There is no use looking at my sun mark on such a cloudy day as this."

She had a mark just outside her door, and when the shadow of the cabin fell on it, then the shadow was pointing straight to the north, and she knew it was 12 o'clock.

All the women thought it must be time to get dinner, and, of course, that made them think about the fire. They tried to keep their fire from ever going out. There were no matches in the world then. If it did go out it would have to be started with the flint rocks, or some fire would have to be brought from a neighbor's. So in summer when they were not cooking they always covered the fire up with ashes. But on this morning it had rained so hard that John's mother had tilted an iron pot over the fire, for the rain had come dripping down the big open chimney.

Soon she had a bright fire again, and a good piece of venison was cooking for dinner. Suddenly one of the Robertson boys came running in, saying:

"Please give me some fire. Mother's was put out by the rain this morning." John's mother gave him a big

chunk of burning wood, and away he ran to make up his mother's fire with it. But as he ran out of the door, she called after him, "Tell your mother to come over here and cook her dinner on my fire." They were always so anxious to help one another in those days.

It was not long, however, before the smoke was pouring out of Mrs. Robertson's chimney. Soon the men were called, and all at the Station were eating what was to them a fine dinner. There were different kinds of wild meat that the hunters had brought in and a little, very little, corn. The children often begged for a little honey. When the gourd was brought down from the shelf it seemed to John that he could eat all the honey himself that that gourd held.

Thomas Sharpe Spencer had come in that morning from a long hunt and was tired. So he said: "Just give me a gourd full of bear oil. Nothing rests me as that does." John Rains said: "There is nothing better. I'll just take some myself." And Gasper Mansker and Abraham Castleman took some also.

All the afternoon John stayed under the lean-to where the men were working with some deer skins. They called it buckskin, and they were going to make hunting shirts out of it.

A very funny fellow whom the children all loved was David Hood. He could do a little of everything and was always helping around at Freeland's and the Bluff. He was at the Bluff that day and as busy as ever. Colonel

Robertson, John Cockrell, Andrew Ewin and others were listening carefully to all the hunters were saying. They had been fifty miles and more from the Bluff, and they were telling about the land they had seen, and especially about what Indian signs they noticed. The children did not care much for all that. They wanted to hear Castleman tell what the horses and dogs had done during the hunt. He always had such wonderful tales to tell about what happened when old Red-gill met a bear. They were so busy that day there was not enough time to tell tales, so little John went on playing and left the men talking.

Some birds had made a nest up in the chimney near the top. Sometimes they made such a noise up there. It was great fun to listen and wonder what they were saying. That afternoon one of the little ones fell out of the nest. It fell down into the cold ashes and fluttered its little wings until it got out on the hearthstones. It chirped and chirped and opened wide its big funny mouth. John felt so sorry for it that his father climbed up on the roof and put the little one where its mother could get it.

Late that afternoon the sun came out bright and clear and the sunset was beautiful. After dark that summer night, just before John went to bed, he was running about the room when he found himself inside the big fireplace. The fire was covered up in one corner and there was plenty of room for him and much to spare. He turned his little face and looked upward. There was a bright twinkling star shining down at him. How surprised he was, and how

pretty it seemed to him! Every night after that he peeped up to see his star. If it was a clear night some one of the little stars would be sure to twinkle down at him as he looked up through his big chimney. And he went to sleep hearing the wind blowing in the trees and the water singing as it fell over the rocks, and wondering about the little star that twinkled "up above the world so high."

OUT IN THE FOREST.

Don't think that that one time when John went out to the spring with his mother was the last time. Oh, no, indeed! He watched the gate. Almost every time it was opened he ran out a little way. The children often ran out to pick up chips. There was a woodpile near the gate. It was about where College Street now crosses Church Street. There was a short path around to the spring. The men had made a wooden trough and fixed it so they could turn the water inside the stockade when they wanted it. But this was not yet much used. Some one was often going for water. So many a time did John's little bare feet trudge around to the spring; and many a time did he sit on the rocks near by and watch the water as it fell singing and glistening down to the river.

One day he ran with the other children down the bank, where our wharf is now. He picked up little rocks, as they did, and threw them into the water. What a pretty sound they made as they splashed!

John began to run out by himself. At first, when his mother would miss him, she was sure to find him at the spring or down by the river. She was afraid for him to go so much alone, for there might be danger outside the stockade. Still, the men were at work near by all the time. So she let him go when he pleased.

He wandered all about through the woods, sometimes with the other children and sometimes, as his mother knew, all alone.

The children went down into the canebrake and found the creek that the people a long time afterwards called Wilson's Spring Branch. Then they ran up the hill in front of the gate. All that hillside from the Square and the Capitol down past Broad Street was a forest, and the men were busy there cutting down trees for fire-wood and for building cabins.

The children played along the path that led from the gate over to the Salt Lick. And how they did love to go over to Lick Branch! But that was almost too far, and the little ones did not get over there often.

John went one afternoon with his father up to the top of the Cedar Knob. That was the first time he had ever known that the world was so big. He saw some of the far away hills that we see now, and the river away off. And he saw the sunset grander than he had even seen it before. It was a tired little boy who tried to tell his mother about it, as he drank his milk that night. And he was too sleepy to look for his star.

But the next morning he was ready to start out again. How he did love the woods! If he ever saw any wild animals or snakes he never talked much about it. He never seemed to be afraid of anything. When the other children would not go he just went on by himself. He really never got very far from the Bluff. But sometimes he would be out for hours, and his mother would not know where to look for him.

So one morning she said: "My little son, I am going to give you something. You must promise to wear it all the time while you are playing out in the woods." He promised, and he watched to see what it was.

Then she tied a little bell about his neck. Oh, what fun that was! The more he ran and jumped, the more the bell tinkled.

After that when it was time for John to come in, all they had to do was to go a little way into the woods or down towards the river and stop and listen. Soon they would hear the little bell's "tinkle, tinkle." Then they would go towards it, and there would be John, playing around by himself.

Was it not strange that some Indian, wandering that way, did not carry John off? But no harm ever came to our little boy.



LITTLE BOY STORIES.

THE COWS.

Every morning after milking time, the gate of the fort would be opened and the cows would go out. They had good pasture right there on the hillside near the gate. But there was nothing they liked better than to go along the path over the hill into the Sulphur Spring Bottom. There the grass grew thick and sweet and the water of Lick Branch was clear and cool. Then when the sun was low over the western hills, just as we see it so often now, back came the cows to the gate.

One day towards the last of the summer some one came running from the Lick and cried: "One of our cows has been killed and several of the horses are gone!" Then they knew that Indians had been there.

Oh, how sorry the loss of that cow made the women! They knew that when night came and the cow did not come, some child would go to bed crying for his milk, and for the dear old cow. How sad they were! The men were angry with the Indians. Capt. Leiper with fifteen men started out to find them. They followed the Indian tracks out the buffalo path. They went on horseback.

Late that afternoon John's mother was very busy putting away her work and getting things ready for the night. John had been running and playing all day, and it was nice to keep close to his mother and sometimes hold her apron and lean against her. He was hungry, too. He had

not heard about the cow. Soon he began to wonder why his mother was not out milking. Then he picked up his little gourd and ran out the door. But his mother did not follow with her three-legged stool, laughing as she sometimes did when he was in a hurry for his supper. She came out slowly and sat down on the bench by the door.

Two of the cows were standing inside the big gate. They were being milked, and John could hear the milk as it fell into the piggins. He ran back to his mother. "Oh, mother," he cried, "where is old Brindle?"

"Old Brindle is not coming back to us tonight, my little boy," she answered. A queer look on her face made John throw his arms about her neck and whisper, "Mother, are you crying?"

Then they both cried a little together while she told him that he must not look for old Brindle ever to come again. As they sat on the bench talking, Mrs. Robertson came by with her piggin full of warm fresh milk. She stopped and filled John's little gourd while she said: "Do not be unhappy about it. You shall have some of my cow's milk every night and morning."

And the little boy went to sleep that night out on the bench with his head on his mother's lap.

She had not told him all her trouble. His father was one of those brave men who had gone after the Indians. He might not come back again. So no wonder John's mother was very sad.

THE NEXT DAY.

It was thought that Indians would not come near the fort while the spies and soldiers were out on their trail. So the next morning the two cows were let out, but kept near the fort. Mrs. Gilkie sent her old colored man to watch them.

They were grazing quietly on either side of the path to the Lick. They had gone up the hill from the gate. They were somewhere near the place where our Market House and Transfer Station are now. The children had come up the path from the fort and were playing near. The thick-set little cedars growing all about made such good places where the children could hide.

They could tell where John ran to hide, for they could hear his little bell. The old cows shook their heads and jingled their bells now and then. The old negro man sitting on a rock near the path laughed and talked with the children as they played.

Bang! It was an Indian gun! The sound came from over towards the west. For an instant all was still. But suddenly sharp, loud screams rent the air! All the children screaming ran down towards the fort, and the Indians yelled and ran the other way! They had crept up hiding behind the big cedars that were towards the Cedar Knob.

Can't you see them all running and screaming? The children, of course, were afraid of the Indians, and, strange as it may seem, the Indians were frightened at the noise

the children made. Soon the children and the old man were safely locked inside the fort. John did not stop until he jumped into his mother's arms.

The few men at the fort went out to drive the Indians away, and to get the cows safely home. The poor negro was wounded, but the good people made him comfortable and he soon got well. It certainly was funny for the Indians to get so scared when the children screamed. The old history says, "A lot of children ran and screamed, and the Indians ran and screamed the other way."

THE RETURN.

Soon everything was quiet inside the stockade. The men were silently cleaning their guns. Col. Robertson was busy washing and binding up the old negro's wounded arm. He could do that as well as any doctor.

John's mother came out and took a seat on the bench by the side of the door. "Susan," she called, "come here and sit with me."

John looked at the two sitting so still and talking so earnestly and he wondered what fun there was in that. The dogs began to bark, so he ran to see what was going on with them. They sounded as though they were having some fun.

Sure enough, they were wagging their tails and running from the gate to the men and back again. One of them put his forepaws up on the gate and barked and wagged his tail. So John sat down on a rock close by to

see what the fun was. A big dog actually jumped over him in his haste to get to the gate and scratch at it.

The horses whinnied. The other children came running. And then John's sharp little ears heard, too, a sound outside.

"Mother, mother, I hear old Red-gill barking!" he cried.

His mother and Susan came rapidly to the gate and stood listening.

"Oh, I hear them," some one said. It was Capt. Leiper's company returning from their hunt for those Indians.

As they came along the path down the hillside a loud hearty laugh was heard and Susan smiled. When another voice was heard, a strong, firm but quiet voice, John's mother seized John's little hand and ran close to the gate.

One of the men on the inside unchained the gate and threw it open. John and his mother reached his father's horse just as he jumped to the ground to meet them. How happy they were!

All hurried inside the stockade and the gate was chained before they stopped to talk.

This time all had come back. No one had been killed nor wounded. They had caught up with the Indians as they were going through a canebrake just beyond the Harpeth Hills. The horses were packed with goods stolen from the stations. Not being able to get them through the narrow path quickly, the Indians ran off and left them. As it was raining it was decided not to follow them any further. On the way home the party had stopped on Rich-

land Creek to hunt. They brought home the good meat and the skins of a deer and a buffalo.

Capt. Leiper and Susan had been talking quietly together ever since his return.

John heard some one say, "We must be sure to send for Gamble." And some one else said, "We will invite all the Stationers."

A man saddled a fresh horse and went out.

John was so happy to see his mother happy again and to have his father at home that he did not notice what the people were doing. He went on playing all the rest of the day.

LITTLE BOY STORIES.

A MERRY TIME.



FOR weeks before this the men had been at work building a new cabin inside the stockade. Now that had been fun indeed for the children. John had watched each part of the work so carefully that he thought he could build a cabin himself. He started one out by the wood pile. As he used the pieces of fire-wood there, some one broke up his little house every day when the wood was carried inside. But he enjoyed beginning a new one.

He played that he was Mr. Spencer. Thomas Sharpe Spencer was the strongest man in the settlement. He

could lift the heaviest logs and put them in place for the cabin walls without help. So John lifted the heaviest pieces of wood that he could.

At last the new cabin had been finished. Everybody had helped about it in some way.

The next morning after the return of the hunters strangers began to come into the stockade. At least they were strangers to John, and it made him feel very shy. But all were so happy and so many new things were doing that he soon forgot to be shy.

The strangers were people from the neighboring stations. They came from Freeland's, Eaton's and Bledsoe's. Each one brought something for the new cabin. By the middle of the day it was furnished as nicely as could be. Everything was clean and new.

In the other cabins much cooking had been going on all morning. A rough table had been made of a split log and placed out in front of the row of cabins. When dinner was ready there was on the table buffalo tongue, a saddle of venison and bear meat, all cooked just right.

At one end was a pile of things such as John had never seen before. He climbed up on a bench to get a better look. How good they did look!

"John," called out David Hood, "you seem to want those roas'in' ears. Don't you know they are for the ladies? We gentlemen let the ladies have the best. You don't want one, little boy."

John was not so sure about that. His mother gave him two or three grains of hers. Oh, how nice they did taste! But he was ashamed of having eaten any. He wanted to be like the men and to do as they did.

You must know that there was very little corn at the stations that fall. Those roasting ears were an unusual treat and really meant only for the ladies. At this great dinner there was only one thing to drink, and that was the very best that we, even now, can have. It was plenty of clear, cool, pure water!

But why was all this company come and this great dinner and the new cabin and the new furniture? There was to be a wedding that afternoon!

The bride was Susan—Susan Drake. She wore a clean, new home-spun dress. By her side stood Capt. Leiper in his new hunting shirt, leggins and moccasins. They stood in the middle of their new cabin. All who could get inside were there and the others were outside around the door.

Before them stood Col. Robertson with his Bible open in his hand. There was no minister at these stations, so the Colonel performed the wedding ceremony.

When this was over James Gamble came in. His fiddle was in its sack of doeskin and under his arm, where he always carried it when not using it. Taking it from its bag and sitting on a bench inside the door, he put his fiddle up under his chin and—such music!

All the while the people laughed and danced the good old fashioned square dances, calling the figures, and the

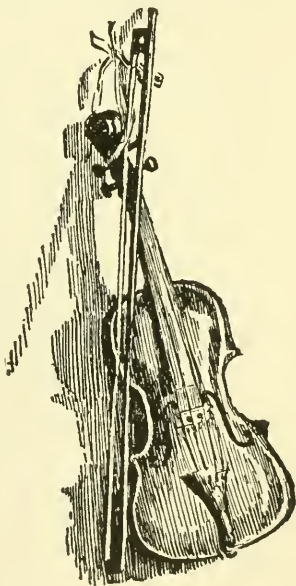
old Virginia reel, and they "cut the pigeon wing" and jigged and sang.

For you must know that James Gamble "could make his fiddle laugh and talk. The sweet strains and the thrilling tones of that fiddle filled the air, the ear and the soul. It seemed sometimes as if they could not die. You could not be angry nor ill natured when there was such music. It lasted so long, too! You could hear it and feel it the next day and wish to hear it a thousand times."

And so in the midst of this simple, honest, innocent happiness, John saw the first wedding in the Cumberland Settlement!

The next morning John's mother saw him sitting on the bench outside her door. He was holding a flat piece of wood under his chin. His right hand held a long, slim stick. This he was scraping across the other piece. He threw his head back and did exactly as Gamble had done while he played his fiddle. So John was a little fiddler all that day. And, in fact, for many days afterward his little make-believe fiddle kept on playing.

"He is hearing the music," said his mother.



THE CLOVER BOTTOM.



SOON after the first of May Colonel Donelson went in his boat up the river to find his land. Early in June he left the Bluff, taking with him all his family and servants, and went up on Stone's River to live. He said that he had not seen finer land than that. It was very rich, for he found white clover growing all over the low bottom land.

The Lebanon Pike now crosses Stone's River at the very place where he stopped and made some rough half-faced camps for his family. He planted corn and cotton there in that Clover Bottom. This was the first cotton ever planted in this part of the country.

In July the river rose, and the backwater came all over his little fields and up the gentle slope of land to their camp. He had to move his family away. They went over to Mansker's Station, on the other side of the Cumberland River. He thought his corn and cotton were ruined, if not by the backwater, then certainly by the trampling of the buffaloes afterward; so it was many weeks before any one went back there.

But there were sharp eyes about in the woods! They were watching that cornfield!

In the fall Colonel Donelson went from Mansker's Station to see how things looked at the Clover Bottom. To

his surprise he found a fine field of corn. "How strange," he said, "that the buffaloes have not trampled this corn and eaten it all."

He was so glad. He invited the people at Nashborough to help him gather it and to share it with him. They said, "Yes, let us go at the same time, stick by each other, fill both boats with the corn and come out of Stone's River in company."

Captain Gower went up from Nashborough on the day set. He had several young men and some of the dogs. Young Captain Donelson, the Colonel's son, came over from Mansker's, bringing several men and a horse. Several days were spent in loading the boats. The field was near the bridge spoken of above.

Did they ask themselves who had kept the buffaloes from that field? No, the men busy at work during those fall days did not stop to think who might be watching them. "Runners" must have been sent out through the forest, saying, "Come, now is the time."

The last night of their stay the horses and dogs were very restless. They had more dogs with them than men. These dogs ran up and down and barked all night long. But the young men said, "They are barking at the wolves in the woods."

If one of the old hunters had been with them, what would he have known?

Ah! the woods were full of Indians! The next morning, as the boats were loaded, they were ready to start for

home. But Captain Donelson had not forgotten what his mother had told him to do. He asked Captain Gower to stop while he went across to the eastern side of Stone's River to see if there was any cotton growing where they had planted that first patch. He knew the women at the Bluff would be as glad to get some of it as his mother and wife and sisters would be.

But Captain Gower said: "We are not coming over; it is getting late in the day; we wish to reach the Bluff before night. I think there is no danger."

And Captain Donelson replied: "If you can risk it, so can we; we will first gather the cotton." For to his joy he had found the bolls white and large and fine. By "risk it" he meant going down to the mouth of Stone's River alone. So it was decided, and his party quickly began to pick the cotton. It was this stop that saved his life and the lives of those of his party.

For as Captain Gower's boat floated off slowly, starting down the little river, a large crowd of Indians rushed out and fired at them from the banks. Nearly all were instantly killed. Colonel Robertson's brother was one of the party and lost his life.

Those with Captain Donelson, being on land, had a chance to run away. There were so many Indians that it would have been foolish to stop to fight. Besides, their rifles were in the boat. Captain Donelson took time to make an old man, who could not run fast, get up on the only horse they had. He saw two of Captain Gower's men,

a white man and a negro, run up the bank on the other side through the bushes and get away, he thought. The Indians let one negro man live. They took him off with them and they also took nearly all of the corn and all of the cotton.

Captain Donelson's men thought it best not to stay together at first, "lest they should make such a trail through the cane and bushes, as the Indians could easily follow." But they had hastily decided upon a place to meet on the banks of the Cumberland.

"Having gone on until sunset, Captain Donelson discovered a large hickory tree which had fallen to the ground, and, as it had a thick top and a large supply of leaves, they huddled together there for the night. They did not try to kindle any fire, though they greatly needed it. The night was passed in quiet, but with little sleep."

They thought they had seen enough Indians to take all the stations and feared the savages had gone on for that purpose. Some were no doubt in search of them. There was no boat near. How were they to get over the river to Mansker's?

The next morning about daylight they tried to make a raft upon which to float across. There was no axe, and no wood was found that could be used.

Yet they gathered sticks and fastened them together with vines; but the current drove their rude float back to the same side every time. They gave it up and let the little raft float away. What was to be done?

And now Somerset, Colonel Donelson's faithful colored man, said: "I will take the horse. With him I will swim the river." And he did it.

They saw him go up the bank on the other side and go off through the cane and the woods. The rain was falling cold and chill. They were hungry. But there they must wait. Somerset might never reach the Station.

Ere now, all at the stations might be killed. How helpless and miserable they were! If they only had their guns with them!

After a long, long while, whom should they see coming through the cane on the other side but Somerset himself! Tired and worn out as he was, back he had come to help. He had guided a few strong men to the right place. They had axes. They made a raft.

Then "they were all passed over and safely arrived at the Station."

Who was the hero at the Clover Bottom? Surely we can never forget the "faithful Somerset."

Soon after that Colonel Donelson moved all of his family away from Mansker's. They went to the Kentucky settlement. There they lived for several years.

The next morning after the attack at the Clover Bottom, about daylight, the people at the Bluff heard a dog barking. It came from a strange direction. They looked out that way, and there on the river came a boat floating down in midstream! In it was a little dog yelping and barking.

Some men rowed out quickly and brought the boat to land. It was Captain Gower's boat loaded with corn. And that boat load was all that was saved from the fine field in the Clover Bottom. And it was almost the only corn the Stationers at the Big Salt Lick had during the long winter that followed. We might call it the boat which the little dog brought to the Bluff. Colonel Donelson was glad when he heard that it had floated down to them. He was glad for his friends to have it.

Of course, when the boat came without the men it was then supposed that all had been killed at the Clover Bottom. And there was much sorrow at the Bluff.

The next morning after the boat came down the river, about daylight, every dog inside the stockade began the wildest barking. Their faithful warning was not heeded at first. Then some one was heard knocking at the door of the Blockhouse. The men seized their rifles. Upon looking through the port holes, whom should they see but a white man and a negro. The door was opened, and with anxious faces the people crowded around to hear their story.

They were the two men who had jumped from Captain Gower's boat and escaped from the Indians. They had wandered in the woods since that time. There had been a cold, drizzling rain. To reach the Bluff they had come through what is now South Nashville and down College Hill. For before daylight, as we have seen, they "reached the Bluff station. They forced their way between the

pickets and to the door of the Blockhouse before" any one inside knew it. They quickly told all they could. But it was a long time before it was found out that any one else had escaped. They thought the Donelson party were killed that day too.

Colonel Robertson set the men to work on the stockade right away. How was it that those two men got in between the pickets so easily? Indians could do it just as easily.

And after this they said: "We must pay more attention to the dogs. They have known twice lately that danger was near before we knew it."

And the young people learned what the old hunters had known for a long time.

The pickets or posts of the stockade were soon strong and firm. The blockhouse, a two-storied log house, was also made stronger. This was sometimes called the Look-out. It had little holes under the eaves and in the sides, through which a rifle could be fired, or a view all around the stockade could be had. It was at the gate of the stockade. It was, properly speaking, the fort.

It was about this time that Mr. Taylor and others were fired upon while working on the gate of the fort. Colonel Robertson would not let them go after the Indians, as he feared there might be many more hiding near. They were probably some of the same band who were at the Clover Bottom that morning.

FALL, 1780.

During the fall of 1780 two great troubles came upon the brave people at the Bluff. The Indians had done so many dreadful things during the summer that some of the people became afraid to stay any longer, so they packed what little they had on horses and went away. They went along the blazed trace back to places where they thought they would be safer.

As the number of men at the fort grew smaller the danger from Indians became greater. So to see these men going away was a real trouble.

Then, late in the fall, it was found that they could not get enough corn to last through the winter. They had hoped to get some from the older settlements. Their own little corn patch had for the second time been a failure. We remember they had planted corn the second spring time in the Sulphur Spring Bottom. That freshet in July that had caused the water to rise in the Clover Bottom, had made the river back into the Sulphur Spring Bottom too. And so the little patch there had been ruined.

This lack of corn was another serious trouble. More people went away, and then there was left a brave little band of men and women, for they said, "We will stay here, come what may."

There was no harvest of corn that year. But on the hillsides around them they had been watching the hickory-

nuts ripening through the summer and autumn. These were all gathered in and stored away.

Now this harvest of nuts piled away in the lean-to was of far more value than it seems to us now. Without them those few people could not have stayed. The settlement would have been broken up that winter. None can tell what influence that might have had upon our city and even upon the United States. It might have changed the history of both.

All the rest of their lives those people—children and all—remembered those nuts with thankfulness.

Can we ever see hickory nuts again without thinking of what Nashville owes to them?

LITTLE BOY STORIES.

FALL AND WINTER, 1780.



THE nights were getting cooler. Through the day-time "cool breezes in the sun" blew the children's hair about as they ran to the wood pile and to the spring and up the path towards the Salt Lick.

The leaves were turning yellow and brown and red and falling from the trees. It was such fun to get off the path and run through the dry leaves that lay so thick upon the ground. John's little bell jingled then as he jumped into the piles of crackling leaves that the children had heaped so high.

They climbed into the grape vines and ate the little grapes that had been ripened by the touch of the frost. Persimmon trees grew here and there on the hillside near the fort. The children, like the bears and 'possums, were not long in finding the sweet yellow balls that lay on the ground under them. But the bears and the 'possums came at night, while the children came only in the daytime; so they never met each other.

The children found little and big tracks all over the ground. The animals scented the children very quickly, and they must have wondered what new creature had come into their woods; for everywhere they were finding that "new man-scent."

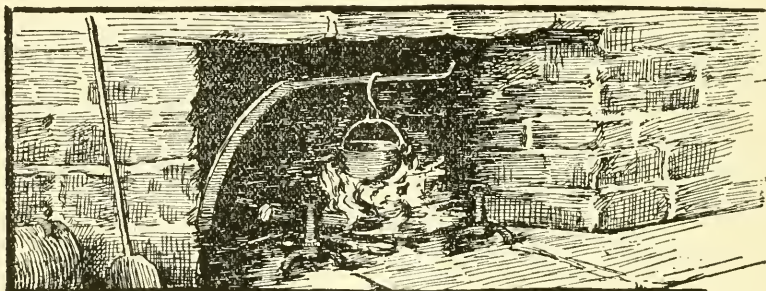
But the greatest fun of all came when, one morning bright and early, a rough little wooden cart was pulled out in front of the gate. A horse was hitched to it. And a happy little group of men and women and children left the path and went up toward the Cedar Knob. The old horse pulled the cart along bravely. John begged to be put on the horse's back. Then he rode for a while, until it was another boy's time. The little children climbed on the cart and bumped along, laughing and shouting as they went.

On the hillsides sloping from the Cedar Knob grew many hickory-nut trees, with big hickory-nuts and "scaly-barks," too, on them. The frost had come, and the sound of the nuts dropping, dropping to the ground, could be heard all through the still woods. The trees almost bare

of leaves let the sunshine down on the children as they merrily helped fill the cart with good brown nuts.

When it was full, back they went to the Bluff. There the nuts were stored safely away under a shed at the side of one of the cabins.

Out into the woods again they went, and to every nut tree that grew near by until all the nuts were gathered in. It was the only harvest they had had at the Bluff that year.



FIREPLACE, POT AND CRANE.

It was a happy time for the children, this gathering in of the nuts. And many a time through the long winter were the Stationers thankful for that precious harvest. Without it their little children and themselves, too, might have starved.

WINTER.

The lean-to then was piled high with nuts during those bright fall days, and all the time the days were getting shorter and colder, and the nights were getting colder and

longer. The sun was getting low in the southern sky in the middle of the day.

Little John stopped peeping up the chimney at night to see his star. And well he might stop, for what fires his father did make during that cold winter! It would certainly surprise us to see anything like them now.

First a big log was brought in. The tree had grown not far away. The log was so big that his father could barely reach around it. It had been cut as long as the fireplace. This was put at the back of the big fireplace and was called the back log. Smaller ones were put in front of it. These were put across some rocks used to hold up the wood. And when all that began to burn it was a splendid fire, indeed.

It would crackle and roar, and the sparks and the blazes would fly up the chimney with the smoke. And when a snowflake fell down into it through the big chimney, the fire would hiss and sputter as much as to say, "I am not afraid of you, you cold snow and wind."

Oh, it was grand! Such a brave fire it was! And how happy John was as he watched it!

ANOTHER GREAT TROUBLE.

About the first of December a third great trouble was about to come upon those brave people at Nashborough. It was found that their powder was almost gone!

How could the hunters get anything for them to eat! And how could they keep the Indians away without powder?

Somebody must go to get more. So Colonel Robertson quietly went himself. He had thought of something else that he could do to help this lonely little settlement. They needed help, for great danger was always near. They were all willing to do anything now to help, for it was becoming very dear to them.

Colonel Robertson started out alone on horseback. Do you wonder how his horse got across the river from the Bluff? There was a raft that was sometimes used as a ferry boat, even at this early time. He was going to the Kentucky Stations. It was a journey of more than one hundred miles. He had taken much longer trips before, and every time he went it was to help the Stations. He did not always have a horse to ride, either.

How strong and brave the men were in those days!

This visit to the Kentucky Stations did much good. He found out one reason why the Indians were trying to kill all the people on the Cumberland.

Some enemies of George Washington were giving them guns and telling them to do it.

It was known everywhere that the Cumberland people were friends of Washington and of his army. Colonel Robertson made up his mind to make the Indians friends of Washington's, too. After a long time he did make many of them friendly.

While on this trip of course he got plenty of powder to bring back to the Bluff. It was carried on pack horses.

Captain Rains was there at the time. He had taken his family away, but intended himself to come back to Nashborough. He wanted to help them in this time of trouble. So he came back with Colonel Robertson. Four other men came with them.

WINTER, 1780-1781.

COLONEL ROBERTSON'S RETURN.



THINGS were happening just as usual at the Bluff on the 15th day of January, 1781. It was afternoon.

Suddenly there came a call for the boat. Everybody ran out to see who was coming. Their joy was very great, for they saw Colonel Robertson, Captain Rains and four others, besides several pack horses.

Quickly the boat slipped across the river, and quickly back it came with its precious load. Men, women, children and dogs went down to greet them as they landed. The strangers were made to feel how welcome they were. And all the people and the horses, with their load of powder and lead, hurried up to the Bluff and inside the stockade.

But long before that they had told the Colonel this glad news:

On the 11th day of January a dear little baby boy had come to Mrs. Robertson. She was staying then over at Freeland's Station. His mother named him Felix. He was the first white child born in Nashville.

Seeing that all was right at the Bluff, Colonel Robertson hurried without any more ado along the pathway over to Freeland's.

Some one, just as soon as it was seen who was coming, had started in great haste to be the first to tell the joyful news at Freeland's. So, no doubt, all were at the stockade gate to receive him.

It was about dark when he got there. The darkness comes early on a winter's evening. After every one was inside, the gate was shut and the chain hastily fastened. In all there were about eleven men and some families. As many as could be spared had come from the Bluff in their eagerness to see the Colonel. Captain Rains and the newcomers kept all at the Bluff entertained with the news.

At Freeland's all who could crowded into one cabin where Colonel Robertson was. Some of the women went into another cabin to get supper.

There were so many questions to ask and so many to answer. No one wanted to miss hearing a word. While they were talking he "allowed his powder horn to be handed around," and each man took a little. He also gave them some of his bullets. They knew of the large supply over at the Bluff.

That night men, women and children sat late around the fire. What if they were tired and worn out by weeks of watching for Indians with no powder in the forts?

Here was news from the outside world; the Colonel had returned and brought plenty of powder; more men had come to add strength to their numbers. It was more excitement to them than we could possibly have over anything, for in this day so many things are happening.

They were all greatly interested in the war then going on. They had heard nothing about it for months. So, of course, they were much excited over the news from it that had reached the far-away settlements in Kentucky. This was about the great battle their friends and kinsmen at Watauga had fought. *They* had won the Battle of King's Mountain!

Outside the moon was shining brightly. The little group of log cabins with the stockade around them looked quiet and peaceful. The smoke arose from their chimneys straight upward in the cold frosty air.

FREELAND'S STATION.

Midnight came and at last all was still. The fires were smoldering. All were quietly sleeping after that long and exciting evening.

All but one. Having just returned from that dangerous journey through the wild woods, his every sense had been strained to the uttermost. Even while he slept they seemed to be on the lookout, keenly alert to any danger.

A slight movement somewhere! Was it the sound of a chain? Instantly, Colonel Robertson was up! Cautiously he looked out! With horror he saw an Indian's arm reach in through the partly open gate! It gently pushed the chain aside. Then a crowd of Indians came slipping noiselessly through the opening.

A loud signal from the Colonel caused every man in the different cabins to spring to his gun. Thank Heaven there was plenty of powder and shot!

The Indians, finding they were discovered, raised their terrible warwhoops. By this they meant to frighten the Stationers. Think of the women and children thus awakened!

In the walls of the house were port holes. Through these the people on the inside could shoot.

Colonel Robertson would now and then look out of some opening. In a loud voice he would then call to the men in the different cabins, telling them where the Indians were and giving his orders.

"Don't fire at random. Keep from before the port holes. Darken the flash. Watch the doors," he called to them. Every one felt better to hear their Colonel's voice.

But they could not know just whether their firing was doing any good. They did not know how large the band of Indians was. One thing they very much dreaded. The Indians might set fire to the Stockade!

At last one big Indian came close enough to the port hole for Colonel Robertson to know that he shot him. Just

after that all the savages suddenly went outside the Stockade. They must have seen that they could not get into the cabins without losing many of their men.

Mrs. Robertson was among those who then peeped out to see what was going on. Just as was feared, some were trying to set fire to the outside walls of the cabins. The logs were green and would not burn easily. But if they tried long enough the fire might be started.

One who saw the Indians then, wrote: "They seldom kept still, but kept up an incessant running and jumping, whooping and yelling."

Now the moon was still shining, calmly and brightly over it all. It is a picture not soon to be forgotten. They had their skin painted with many colors. This they called their war-paint. Some of the Stationers thought they were leaping about all the time to make it seem as if there were a greater number; also to keep any one from taking aim and shooting them. At any rate it was their way during a battle. We suspect, too, that that cold winter night air helped on that jumping and yelling a little.

At this time we can feel pity for those poor naked savages. They knew no better. But we are safe from their bullets.

The Colonel ordered every one to keep close within the barred doors. None had yet dared to go out and shut the gate.

What was that welcome sound? It suddenly rang out above the constant rifle shots and terrible warwhoops. It

said to the besieged, "We are coming to help you; don't give up!" And it made cowards of the so-called Indian "braves."

It was the valiant little swivel on the Lookout over the gate at Nashborough. That was the curious little cannon brought by Colonel Donelson on The Adventure.

The sound of it terrified the savages. They all ran, at least out of rifle range. Those at the port holes could see them when they stopped out beyond where Fisk University is now. They kept looking back towards Freeland's.

Suddenly they were seen to look with fear towards the Cedar Knob and the Salt Lick.

"Somebody must be coming along the path," said the men at the port holes.

Rifle shots, quick, one after another, sounded from that direction. This time they came from no Indian guns. Even the children could tell that by the sound.

The Indians turned and ran.

The men then went quickly out of the gate. There they saw Captain Rains and his men running in great haste up the path from the Lick. Captain Rains afterwards said that he "came from the Bluff with a few trusty gunners and a *good supply* of powder and balls, and earnestly looking for the rascals."

Daylight was now coming. Fearlessly Captain Rains and his "gunners" followed closely on the track of the "rascals." They went on the same trace so often followed before, out the main buffalo path towards the west.

The spies soon found that another and larger body of Indians had come up and met those running away. It was also found that none were coming back to fight that day. So the spies hurried back to Freeland's Station.

When the people of Freeland's came out of their cabins at break of day, after that awful night, their first thought was, "Have any of us been hurt? Was any one killed?"

The women in those days were always very calm and brave. Quietly and with a look of welcome they greeted each other and began to talk it all over.

But where is Major Lucas? And where—? The Robertsons knew that their negro man would have been by the Colonel's side before that time if—

Yes, it was true. Their dear friend, Major Lucas, and their true-hearted negro man had been killed.

They had slept in an unfinished cabin. The spaces between the logs had not been chinked. The Indians had found this out and many bullets were afterwards found in the logs of that particular cabin.

The children loved that negro man, and even little Felix afterwards felt that he knew him, for the others talked so much about him.

That day most of the people went to the Bluff and to Eaton's Station to live. Freeland's was not as safe as the other two.

Nashborough was the best and strongest place. It could stand a siege better than the others.

On one side was that steep, high bluff. The water from the spring could be turned into the Stockade. A line might be dropped into the river for fish. Besides, the stores of meat and nuts and powder and lead were there.

It was a well stationed and well protected fort. Besides the other things, the "little swivel" was on the block house at the gate!

During the attack on Freeland's there had been more than fifty Indians against eleven white men. But eleven with six rounds of powder to each man, the Stockade, and the gallant "little swivel" over at the Bluff and Captain Rains and his "gunners," had won the day.

But they would not have done so if Colonel Robertson had not reached home before the attack! Besides bringing the powder, it was he who heard the Indians before it was too late.

For months afterwards the Indians stayed about here. They spent much of their time driving away the game for miles and miles around the Lick. They killed the hunters who went in search of it. They killed cows, stole horses and prowled about doing everything they could in a sly way to trouble the Stationers.

'Twas up in the saddle and off to the fight
Where arrow and tomahawk shrieked in the light;
But the sinews of pioneers won for the right
The bulwarks of Tennessee. —Mrs. Boyle.

WINTER NIGHTS.



THE pathless forest stretched around them for hundreds of miles, hungry wolves and savage men prowled about; but the smoke rose from those cabin chimneys on the Bluff, and all was still outside in the woods. Little thought of those outside dangers then troubled those brave people. Old and young gathered around the clean stone hearth when darkness began to fall.

If a man living at any other Station happened to be near he stopped for the night and was welcomed. But the men always tried to get to their home stations to help protect them if Indians should come.

While eating their supper of meats and nuts they talked over the simple happenings of the day. The men told whether any signs of Indians had been seen. They told stories about the animals that had crossed their path; about new hills and valleys, springs and creeks which they had found; about the kinds of trees and bushes and the canebrakes that grew in different places, and they talked about the marvelous beauty and richness of this land. And this made them more and more sure every day that they would stay and live their lives here.

Sometimes one of the Castlemans, Mansker, Thomas Spencer, the Buchanans and John Rains, those great hunters, were together. They told tales of Indians and of bears and of wolves. Red-gill, lying at Castleman's feet,

wagged her tail and looked out of one eye at her master. She knew when he spoke of her.

One winter Captain Rains had killed thirty-two bears. He found them all in the Overton Hills, called the Knobs, seven miles south of the Station. And maybe they would tell of their first great hunts "down on Caney," meaning the Caney Fork.

Sometimes the talk would be about the Revolutionary War. It was going on at that very time. The children heard over and over of General George Washington and General Nash and General Davidson and others.

Then every evening one of the men would get his fiddle and softly play to himself as he looked into the bright fire. How they loved his music! It cheered them always.

The women knitted as they sat around the fire and the needles clicked as they worked. There was no light but that of the fire. These women could knit almost as well in the dark.

But as it grew later, and the fire crackled and seemed to grow brighter, and the comfort of it all rested their tired bodies, the thoughts of the older people went back to the dear old homes and their own childhood and youth.

And then the boys and girls sat in the chimney corners or on the floor near their father's knee, with wide open eyes and eager ears! Then they were hearing of a life so different from their own; of things of which they had never dreamed!

Tales of Virginia and of North Carolina—tales of cities—those queer places the children had never seen; of soldiers and of battles; of the great ocean and of ships, and of the “old country.”

The children had no story books nor picture books, and so no way to find out about anything away from the settlement except by listening to the talk of the grown people.

An old man, whose childhood lay back almost that early, told about the long winter evenings in those rough little log cabins. Among other things he said that his father and his friends loved to talk of Scotland. They told over and over again the brave old stories about William Wallace and Robert Bruce and the Douglas, and other old tales in which Scotchmen gloried.

Thus these little boys and girls here in the backwoods knew some of these tales long before Sir Walter Scott put them into his famous books.

December 25, 1780, was the second Christmas when there were little children at the fort of Nashborough.

The people did not give Christmas gifts then as we do now. But there has always been something beautiful done at that time of the year. For hundreds of years back in Merrie England the Yule-tide was a happy time.

The only thing they could have done in that year of 1780 was to tell the children of the merrymaking some of them had known at Christmas, and no doubt the fiddlers made things lively.

They certainly brought in a Yule-log. But whether they called it that we do not know.

Mistletoe, holly and cedar were on the hillside in abundance near them. There was, in fact, far more than we now see on that same hill slope (along Church Street) for sale just before Christmas.

LITTLE MISS DUNHAM.

The Dunham family had been at the Bluffs all winter. They had almost finished a station on Richland Creek near where Belle Meade is now. But fear of the Indians had forced them to leave it, and they took refuge at the Bluff.

One day, after the 15th of January, the men came in as usual, and sat down comfortably to their dinner. Mrs. Dunham told her little girl to go out to the woodpile and get a basketful of chips.

The men had been cutting trees near by and chopping wood, and the brush heap just beyond the woodpile was thicker than ever.

"Little Miss Dunham" went happily out to get the chips for her mother. A few minutes later the mother's heart stood still with terror. She heard the sudden terrified screams of her little daughter. Not stopping one second she rushed out to her dear child, even before the men could seize their rifles.

One Indian was scalping the little girl, while two others stood with guns in hands. They shot Mrs. Dunham, as

she ran to the help of her child. The men came running out of the gate, and then the cowardly savages took to their heels.

Tenderly the little girl was lifted and carried into the fort. And tenderly was the brave mother carried in. The gates were closed, and tightly chained. Then all hands set to work to help the poor sufferers.

No, not all, for that was the time when Castleman and Rains started out on a little private "hunt" of their own. They went on the hot trail of three Indians who had hurt a little girl. The trail led them towards the south. This is what one said when telling about it afterward:

"We came quietly upon the heels of the rascals, and somehow Betsy and Sister were pointing at the Indians. If you had been within a reasonable distance you might have heard a gun fire—something hit one of those Indians, for he fell and did not run away with the others." And the brave old hunter would add, "This old rusty gun and knife belonged to that Indian, and a scalp (that he carried) belonged to a little girl."

When the brave hunters went back to the Bluff the sufferers were resting comfortably. Much practice and good sense taught these people what to do for them. There were no doctors at the fort. They must have done the right thing, for both the mother and the little girl got well. But "Little Miss Dunham" never had any more hair on top of her head. Her mother made her a little cap, which she always wore.

That day all the men went to work and cleared away the brush heap, and all the low bushes near the stockade. There was nothing left behind which Indians might hide.

SPRING, 1781.

DANGERS ALONG THE PATH.

All through the winter there had been signs that Indians were about. No one ever left the stockade without a feeling that he might not get back alive.

In February two men returning along the path from Freeland's were shot while near the Sulphur Spring and had their arms broken. They ran to the Bluff. The swivel was fired to warn the other two stations that "Indians were about."

Ten days after that a most remarkable event took place near the path.

David Hood was a man who was very much liked by everybody. Wherever he went there was always fun. And he made himself very useful, too, in other ways. He was a cooper and as he went from one station to the other, the people brought out all the buckets and pots, and anything that needed mending. He could mend almost anything about the cabins. He was so jolly as he worked that the women and children were always glad to see him. The men enjoyed his funny sayings, too, so he was a great favorite.

John Rains, when an old man, wrote about something that happened to him, in this way:

David Hood “was coming up from Freeland’s Station below the Sulphur Spring . . . when several Indians gave chase to him, firing upon him as he ran. He, thinking there was no other chance for his life, concluded to try ‘playing ’possum.’ He fell flat upon his face in the weeds, as if dead. The Indians ran up to him and gathered around him, and then one of them scalped him—poor Hood bearing it meanwhile, without a groan or show of life.

“They stood around a little while reloading their guns, and started on towards the Bluff Fort. One of the Indians gave him a few stamps as he started away.

“After a while Hood, raising his head, cautiously peeped out under his arms, and at last finding the coast clear, got up and started towards the fort.

“Mounting the ridge above the spring, what was his dismay to find himself once more in the presence of the whole gang.

“Of course, they attacked him again. He fell into a brush heap in the snow. Then the Indians went away.

“The men in the fort heard the firing and came out immediately, as they always did in such cases. The Indians as usual ran away. Poor Hood was found and carried sadly back to the fort. Then his body was placed in a lean-to.

"Some of the women going in to look at him, to their surprise, thought they saw signs of life about him. They began right away to do what they could for him. And strange to say, it was not many weeks before he was a well man."

John Rains wrote, "I often saw General Robertson making up rolls of lint for his wounds."

David Hood lived a long time after that, but he, like Little Miss Dunham, never had any more hair on the top of the head.

He often made some joke about the time when he "played 'possum." And Little Miss Dunham always called him the 'Possum.

He would come in laughing and sit down by her, saying, "Since we two have lost our scalps, we will not sit with 'common people.' "

THE BATTLE OF THE BLUFF.

INTRODUCTION.



ONE day about the last of March Colonel Samuel Barton started out on horseback to find some cattle. Knowing that they liked to graze along the banks of Wilson's Spring Branch, he went down the hill to the Branch. After looking about in the cane, he rode on up towards the spring. The privet bushes grew all around there in the summer and fall. He was not far from the spring when he heard

a gunshot. It was an Indian's gun, he knew. He felt himself wounded in the wrist. He turned, guiding the horse with his other hand, and galloped back to the Fort. Another bullet came whizzing through his shirt.

At the same time John and Alexander Buchanan were out looking for their cattle. They were at the place where the High School now stands. Hearing the shots, they, too, knew that they were from Indian guns. They did not know how many Indians there might be down there by the Branch. So they did what any sensible men would have done. They hurried around west and north of the Cedar Knob and went by the path from the Lick in safety to the Fort. They got in just after Colonel Barton.

"We did not like that way of fleeing like rabbits to their burrow. But we did it, and we are now ready to go forth to meet the foe," said they.

There were no braver, finer men than those Buchanans. They went forth to meet the foe in a very short time, as we shall see.

Other things happened showing that Indians were constantly about the Lick and Wilson's Spring Branch during the next few days. Some uneasiness was felt. A man was kept in the Lookout on the Blockhouse all that time.

APRIL 2, 1781.

(Adapted from Putnam and Drake, as told by Mrs. Robertson.)

On the night of April 1 an Indian was seen spying about near the Fort. He was seen behind the cedars just beyond

the wood-pile. James Meniffee was on watch at the time. He was in the blockhouse at the gate. He shot at the Indian, who ran away.

Between daylight and sunrise the next morning two others came near. They fired their guns at the fort and ran out of rifle range down the hill towards the Branch. Then they stopped and began slowly to reload, waving their hands in an insulting manner, as though daring the white men to come out, unless they were afraid.

It had become a fixed habit with these brave men to go straight after Indians, who nearly always ran when they saw that no one was afraid of them. So, although it was known that there might be an ambush, instantly they were ready to go. Colonel Robertson gave the order.

A party of twenty-one quickly mounted their horses and dashed through the gate, going down the hill towards the Branch.

Captain Leiper led the advance and Colonel Robertson the main body. When these reached the present corner of Broad and College Streets they saw a few Indians making a stand at the Branch. These Indians were near the corner of College and Demonbreun Streets. Captain Leiper and his men and Colonel Robertson, too, quickly got off their horses, and at that instant up rose about three hundred warriors from the canebrake along the Branch. These began firing rapidly. Of course the white men returned the fire, and we know what good marksmen they were.

It seems that another large body of Indians had hidden themselves before daylight. They were in the cedar and privet bushes which grew thickly west of the present site of Cherry, from Church down to Broad Street.

As soon as the horsemen had passed, these ran from their hiding places and formed a long line towards the river, between our men and the Fort. It was their intention to kill the men and then enter the Fort. It was their warwhoops that sent such anxiety into the hearts of Colonel Robertson and his men, and of the brave women inside the Fort.

But those fearless men began at once to move backward toward the Stockade, carrying their two wounded men with them. But with all their bravery they could never have gotten through that long line of savages. Twenty men against several hundred had little chance.

But something else was happening. The horses had become frightened at the noise of the battle. They rushed back through the Indian line to the gate. The gate they found closed, so up the hill they went and over into the Sulphur Spring Bottom.

The wish to get those horses was more than some of the Indians could stand. So away they went, each trying to get a horse for himself.

A gap was thus left in the line. Through it—their only chance—the white men now tried to pass. Shots were fired at them from all sides. What a wonder that all were not killed!

But back in that fort there were cool heads and brave and loving hearts. The women were there!

Some were up in the Blockhouse eagerly watching everything. Some were busy melting lead and molding more bullets in case of need. Mrs. Robertson and other women had guns or axes in their hands, ready to help or to die at the gate.

Now there was a pack of at least fifty dogs inside that Stockade. The scent of the Indians, the sound of guns and their masters' voices and the war whoops of the Indians set them wild. "There was terrible excitement inside the fort."

Suddenly Mrs. Robertson ordered the gate opened. That was enough for the dogs. Out the whole pack rushed. In a fury they sprang upon the Indians, and in mortal terror the savages stopped and, using their tomahawks, they tried to defend themselves. Imagine old Red-gill then! She who was not afraid of the fiercest bear, what cared she for their tomahawks?

While that was going on the little band of whites rushed past and into the gate, which was closed quickly behind them.

But all did not get in so easily. Isaac Lucas was shot. He fell near the present corner of Church and Cherry Streets. His friends in the Lookout saw him fall and saw how bravely he turned his face towards the coming foe. "He did not lose his presence of mind, but quickly primed his gun." He took careful aim at a stout Indian who was

in the lead and killed him. He was within range of the guns from the fort, so the other Indians were afraid to come to him. He was carried into the fort as soon as possible.

Edward Swanson was overtaken by a big Indian within twenty yards of the gate. There they had a wonderful hand-to-hand fight. They were so close together that his friends were afraid to shoot. But old Mr. Buchanan rushed out and killed the Indian. That night the Indians must have come and dragged his body away. It was afterwards found partly buried out on College Hill. The exact place was near Market in the block just north of Peabody Street, opposite the old college.

Many of our men were wounded that day. Gasper Mansker was among the number. Colonel Barton was also suffering from that wounded hand.

And seven of those strong, fine men were killed. Among them were Captain Leiper and Alexander Buchanan.

About 10 o'clock that morning the last Indian slipped away and the battle was over.

It seems that very few of the horses were taken. They led the Indians a lively chase past the Cedar Knob and around in the Sulphur Spring Bottom. Then they came galloping back, and ran in at the gate, which was gladly opened for them.

And the dogs, too, came back, after chasing the savages away. Mrs. Robertson "patted every dog as he came in at the gate, and thanked God."

“What a deliverance,” said all the good women. And the pious mothers ever afterwards used to say, “Thanks be to God that He gave Indians a fear of dogs and a love for horses!”

That night some Indians came back and fired a great many times at the Fort. This was thought to have been a party that had come too late to join in the battle of the morning.

“At one time a knot of a hundred or more” was seen about the present corner of Church and Cherry and College Streets. It was decided to fire the swivel at them. There was no powder to waste. Each man gave a little of his own. They put in some slugs or pieces of iron and fired it off. In the stillness of the night the sound and the flash must have seemed awful to the savages. They certainly ran off in great haste, and not another shot was heard from them.

They probably went straight out what is now Church Street. There were so many trees all over the hillside that they were soon out of sight of the blockhouse.

When the people at Eaton’s heard the “little swivel” they thought it was a call for help.

A short time after that a low call for the boat was heard. It was some men from Eaton’s coming to the help of the Bluff.

Very quickly two men went over and brought them back. They climbed up the bluff and were welcomed in the fort. There they kept watch until the break of day.

Thus in those days did the Stationers always hurry to the help of others when in need.

The care of the many wounded, and the careful watch for the return of the savages kept every one very busy for weeks. It was a sad and awful time.

As long as they lived they talked about that morning. Mrs. Robertson during her long life told the tale over and over again. Little Felix and all the other children knew it by heart.

And this was the celebrated "Battle of the Bluff."

John saw how brave the older boys were, and how strong and busy and brave his father and the other men were, and that his mother and the other women were not afraid of anything, so he was brave, too, and just as happy as the days were long. I do not know any stories of braver people than these. They did not have to stay here in the midst of dangers and hardships. But they never felt that they wanted to go away. They were "true and brave." Their work in this world was to stay right here.

In the midst of these awful times the Stationers had to think of the corn planting again. There would be nothing for bread during the next winter unless they could raise some corn. They had two fields destroyed in the Sulphur Spring Bottom. So this year they knew they should plant elsewhere.

Before the Battle of the Bluff, small fields had been started in different places. The chief one was on Colonel Robertson's land on Richland Creek. It was from the first a very dangerous thing to go to these fields to work.

Then came that dreadful day of April 2. One says five, and another seven of their best men were killed, and several wounded.

A short time after that, six more of their strong, good hunters were lost; four while hunting on Richland Creek, and two near the Big Salt Lick. None had come to fill their places.

These things had almost put a stop to the corn planting. There were scarcely enough men to defend the fort and the field too. For while some were working in the field, others had to stand around with guns in hands watching for Indians. Sometimes these guards would climb trees so as to see further, and maybe not be seen. An Indian might come stealing up, hiding behind one tree and then another, coming nearer and nearer, and it took sharp eyes to see him.

If two hunters met in the woods and stopped to talk, they sometimes turned with their backs to one another keeping a sharp lookout for Indians. If they stopped to get a drink at a spring, one watched while the other drank.

It was very dangerous to walk along the path from the Bluff to Freeland's. Indians were almost constantly about the Sulphur Spring. They had found that there was much passing through the bottom.

THE CLAYTON BOYS.



IT was not long after the Battle of the Bluff. Two boys started out together from the fort. They fearlessly trudged along the path through the woods. Up the hill they went, through the cedars, and down the steep hillside to the Salt Spring.

Here they stopped.

They looked at the big kettle in which the water was boiled for salt. They ran around it several times chasing each other.

Just beyond the Lick flowed Lick Branch. It was wide and sparkling and its rippling, as it ran over the rocks, clearly sounded in the sweet air of springtime.

The birds were singing. They hopped to the ground, and fluttered up in the branches of the trees among the little new green leaves.

Now and then a buffalo or a deer could be seen off behind the bushes. Squirrels ran up and down the trees. And down the creek near the canebrake, they heard the cow bells tinkle.

There was a foot log across the creek. They ran across and back again on the log. They jumped from rock to rock, and stopped to watch the minnows as they darted here and there. They stood side by side looking down into the water.

Oh, what was that? They heard low, harsh grunts, and instantly heavy hands came down on their little shoulders.

Standing around them were seven Indians. Big and cruel they looked to the little boys.

Some had tomahawks, some had knives or old rifles in their hands. They held the boys tightly and roughly. And how brave the boys were! They did not cry or scream. Oh, no! They showed those Indians how fearless even the boys at the fort were.

The Indians jerked them around, and started out the buffalo path west from the spring. They made signs to the boys that both would be killed if they tried to run away. So without a word the boys went with the savages—miserable in their little hearts, but too brave to show it.

It so happened that Major John Buchanan was that morning out hunting on Richland Creek. He killed a young deer. He took the skin and used it as a kind of knapsack, into which he put the best part of the meat. He slung this over his shoulder and started for home.

Somewhere between Centennial Park and the Salt Lick a tree had been uprooted by a storm and had fallen across the buffalo path. The buffaloes had then made a path around the top as well as around the roots of this tree.

As he came to this place he turned to the left, and just at that moment he heard voices of Indians, coming around by the right. He saw seven warriors within twenty feet of himself. He saw two little boys from the fort with them. He knew the little boys well.

Before any of them saw him he shot the leader of the Indians, who fell dead. This so frightened the others that

they took to their heels in a wild scamper through the cane and pea vines. The boys ran with their Indian captors, fearing that they would be killed if they tried to escape. Major Buchanan knowing that he was alone, went on hurriedly towards the Bluff to get help.

The men at the fort knew that they must be very cautious, else the boys would be killed. The next morning a company of Indian spies went on the trail of those Indians. They found Major Buchanan's venison where he had thrown it off at the fallen tree. They found the camp out on Richland Creek where the Indians had spent the night. They found the newly made grave where they had buried their leader.

But they did not find the Indians, and they did not rescue the little boys.

Several years passed, and nothing was heard from them.

At last the younger brother, Seward Clayton, in some way got free and came home. Old Piomingo, the Mountain Leader, often helped Colonel Robertson to get back prisoners held by the Indians. He may have had something to do with this boy's return.

What an interesting story young Clayton had to tell!

He said, that on the night of his capture, while in camp on Richland Creek, his brother had tried to escape, by slipping away. An Indian followed him down the creek. The next morning the savage came back and showed the little

boy his brother's scalp, making him understand that he, too, would be killed if he tried to run away.

So he went with them to one of their towns, down on the Tennessee. There he lived during all those years.

He said the Indians had treated him kindly. They made him stay with the squaws and the children, and he had to work very hard. He especially remembered two or three of the women and their kindness to him.

But he was tired of their dirty wigwams and savage way of living.

The Fort on the Bluff and his own people were very dear to him.

“JOHN BUCHANAN, HIS BOOK.”

JUNE, 1781.



WE are reading so much about hunting and building log cabins, and planting corn, and fighting Indians, that it would seem that these brave people could think of nothing else. But we have something that proves without a doubt that these men who founded the City of Nashville were mostly Scotchmen of educated minds as well as noble hearts. It proves that there was a scholar at the Bluff, a man of learning, who, amidst all the other things that must be done, cared enough to help any one who wanted to learn, and it proves that the young people were anxious to be taught.

This scholar was James Mulherin. His family had come to the French Lick with the Buchanan family in December, 1779. His wife was Nancy Buchanan, a sister of Major John Buchanan.

In January, 1781, Major John Buchanan was 22 years of age. His time was mostly spent in the outdoor life necessary in those days. But he found time for something else. And this was because those Scotchmen believed in learning.

He wanted to know more about arithmetic. James Mulherin was willing and anxious to teach him.

A book would be needed. And it was not long before a book was ready.

And of all the things of which we are proud, there is not one that gives us more pleasure than this book—the first book that was made in Nashville! It was begun in one of the log cabins on the Bluff.

Think how fine this is, to want to learn; to want it enough to be willing to work with your hands and make your own book; and then to write the book itself!

John Buchanan went out into the nearby forest and killed a deer. At the Bluff fort he tanned and dressed the skin. And that buckskin is soft and fine to this day! Of that he made his book cover.

Its size is 13 by $8\frac{1}{4}$ inches. The front and back covers are bound together with a buckskin string. The two pieces were laid together and a hole was punched with an awl for the string.

The paper for the book was perhaps some brought by Colonel Donelson on The Adventure. It is the same kind upon which Colonel Donelson wrote his diary. It is strong and well made. It, too, is firmly bound together.

Of course a pen was needed. So John Buchanan shot a wild goose and saved all the large feathers for quill pens. When he needed a new pen he cut a quill with his own hunting knife.

Then he had to have ink. So down he went to the mouth of Lick Branch. There he had seen the right kind of maple tree. With some of the bark of that tree he made his ink.

Every little thing about this book has some story for us if we could only find it, which would show something in the life of the people at the Bluff.

The buckskin cover is made stiff by the use of waste paper pasted on the inside. Some of this newspaper was printed in Salem in 1770 or 1771, ten years before this book was made. How did it get here? Nobody knows. Some of that waste paper is plain white paper on which some one had copied the same words over and over as in a copybook.

On the outside of the book cover is written:

“Major John Buchanan’s Book of Arithmetic.
June 20, 1781.”

On the inside is found no simple easy arithmetic, but page after page of examples in compound numbers; in

the rule of three; in fractions; in surveying land, and geometry; and even some things that lawyers must know, as the form in which to write a will.

Mr. Mulherin must have given him the examples from some book which he had and also must have made some himself. One of them is about the number of pioneers it would take to dig a ditch; and there are others that were needed in their every day work.

He must have spent hours and hours with his book.

His letters and figures are made well. It is plain and easy to read and very neat. Now and then he has written the date of his lesson. In the midst of one near the front is this:

"John Buchanan, 1781, August 1st."

Later is this: "Nash Borough, Oct. 1st, 1782."

Then: "Cumberland, March the 18th, 1783."

Then is found: "1784," "1785" and "1786."

He took it with him when he went to live at the mill and used some of the last leaves as an account book there.

On the inside of the front and back covers and on some of the last pages he seems to have written for pleasure anything that came into his mind. In odd places written up and down or across the page slanting there are things like this:

“State of North Carolina,
Cumberland River
John Buchanan, his Book of Arithmetic
Nashborough Andrew Ewin, his
Nashborough hand and — — —
North Carolina Nashborough township,
Davidson County James Menees
Darnil Williams,
James Robertson.”

And in many places is written: “James Mulherin.”

Strange to say, it is this idle scribbling that is of so much interest to us. Each name or word shows something or proves something to us.

But one of the most interesting things is still to be told.

Artists have made many beautiful pictures in Nashville. But in this book is perhaps the first decoration or fanciful drawing ever made here. It was made by John Buchanan, and it is the title page of “his Book.”

Doesn't that seem wonderful when we know, too, that he was one of the best hunters, marksmen, Indian fighters and business men among those earliest settlers?

We are certainly proud of

“John Buchanan, *his Book*.”

SPY-CRAFT.



SOME of the hunters went further and saw more than the others, so they brought home more news about Indians. By this means many lives were saved, as the people could then be ready when the Indians came. The Stationers began to call these hunters their Indian spies. Some of them were formed into a little company and called The Spies.

They talked about their guns as if they were human beings. Castleman called his gun Betsy; Rains called his Sister and Mansker called his Nancy. Each one knew the sound of the others' guns. Castleman, for instance, knew Sister's and Nancy's "voice" as well as Betsy's. They said their guns never "spoke" to a friend, but *for* a friend.

They knew all the tricks of the Indians and more, too. They learned their quick soft step; and how to tread so as not to leave a leaf or twig out of place; to leave no sign of having passed; and to read all signs in the forest. They could run through the woods and see signs of Indians—signs that we could not have found by looking for them. Not only could they see, but they could hear wonderfully well; and, more, they understood what they saw and heard. The Indians found that to catch these "mighty hunters" some tricks must be played upon them.

Listen to these little stories about two of the spies.

(Stories adapted from Putnam.)

Old Mr. Mansker heard the gobble of a turkey. He was out towards the southwest from the Bluff. To us it would have sounded exactly like a turkey. Now he had peculiar, keen eyes as well as ears. His friends laughed and said that he could see almost entirely around himself without moving his head. He decided which tree that Indian gobbler was behind. But how was he to make him come out so that Nancy could get a shot at him? "So, keeping his left eye upon that tree and the muzzle of Nancy in the same direction, he moved along." The distance was too great for an Indian to fire, but just right for Nancy. "She wished to speak to him." Mansker went on towards the right. The Indian began to "slip shyly along" to another tree a little ahead of Mansker. Though he was moving low and slowly through the bushes and wild grass, that left eye was upon him. He did not know it. He was watching, too, and he knew that Mansker's head had never once turned in his direction. He gobbled again to make Mansker come nearer. Instead of that Nancy suddenly "spoke" to him—bang! She had helped to save her master's life. Mansker always ended by saying: "I took his old gun and it is on my own gun-rack to this day."

Once Castleman heard a fawn calling to its "ma-ma." Just as he heard the second ma-a, two guns were fired. Now one of them was Betsy, so the fawn did not call any

more. But the ball from the Indian's gun cut some fringe from Castleman's hunting shirt.

One evening about dusk he heard a big whooping-owl. His ear told him that the woo-hoo call and the woo-hoo answer did not come exactly in the right time or tone. More than this, "they were on the ground and that would not begin to do" for owls. He went closer and saw a forked tree that divided near the ground. A low stump stood behind the forks. Betsy "spoke" and the stump lay at the roots of that forked chestnut tree. What was it making the call of the owl? And what was that "stump?"

Castleman was one of the best marksmen and one of the favorite spies. An old hunter used to say with a laugh: "I heard Betsy and, though I was on the other side of the Cedar Knob, I hid myself, knowing Castleman could shoot around any hill."

Hunters and spies and even the men who went into the woods after the cows often wanted to get some message to one another. And it was not long either before they found a way to do it.

Was it to write a note and put it in the postoffice? Why, they had never heard of such a thing. It was a way that they learned from the Indians. By it they could tell a friend of some danger, or ask for help, or give help, or tell of a time and place to meet, or just tell some news.

And this was their way. They made up signs. And

to one who could read this "spy-craft," the signs were like a real letter.

Captain John Davis says that he once hid a pone of cornbread in a forked dogwood tree. Then he bent and broke some twigs in a certain way. This was a hint to some friend who might pass. They told him where to look for something of importance.

He afterwards learned that a friend almost ready to starve saw the sign, found the cornbread and so his life was saved.

Once "a family of five persons were killed, a tall man, a short, fat woman and three children, at some place to the north." A hunter who discovered it wanted to tell the others. So "five sticks were cut of various lengths; the longest, being forked or split, told of the man; the thick, short one, the woman, and the three smaller sizes and lengths the children. They were all scalped, as was shown by the peeling of the bark. There were thirteen Indians, as was told by the stick with stripes and thirteen notches, and they had fled south with two prisoners, as was seen from the pointer and two little strips of bark tied together to mean prisoners.

Sometimes all the signs would be on one stick or piece of bark. The places for hiding these things became well known. Sometimes a hunter or spy would find one and would bring it to the Bluff. Then all the hunters would look at it, and together they would decide what important message it had for them.

DOGS AND HORSES.

ADAPTED.



DOGS and horses, cattle, and even hogs, always knew when Indians were near. When the hogs came back to the cabin at an unusual time, Indians were about. Dogs were quickest to scent or hear Indians, and horses were next.

At the stations there were "large packs of watchful dogs." There were really more dogs sometimes than people. They were the "playmates of the children, the companions of the men and the guardians of all."

The hunters learned much from their horses and dogs, and the loving animals seemed to catch the very thought of their masters. When the hunter stopped, held his breath and listened the dog or horse would do the same. But more often it was the animal that did it first. It was a curious sight to see one of them suddenly prick up his ears to catch the sound of steps or the breathing of some living creature, or turn and point his nose towards the direction from which the scent came.

The spies and hunters took great pride in these faithful friends. While telling about them, they would pat the dog on the head or smooth down the mane of the horse, and it seemed that the listening devoted creature understood and was happy in knowing that his master was pleased with him.

Dogs never trusted Indians. Later on, about 1790, the

Indians would sometimes come to the Bluff to trade. The people there wanted to be friendly, and they found that they could trust some of them. All would come in saying: "White man's friend." But some were really looking around to see what harm they could do. The old settlers watched every one.

Often the women found out an enemy before the men did. But the dogs always scented him out first. The dog would look up into the Indian's face. He would notice the things at which the Indian looked and watch his every step. He always stood between the Indian and the white people and he guarded the horses. His eye never seemed to leave the Indian, and the savage felt that he was being closely watched. The friendly Indians were always told to be careful about the dogs. The best friend of the early settlers were the "faithful cur and the persevering hound."

Castleman's favorite dog was named Red-gill. "Red-gill never failed to open upon an Indian's track if leave was given." When on the chase of bear or buffalo, elk or deer, she would stop, show silently that Indians were near, or that she had come upon their track. And then, if the signal word was given, she would leave the trail and go after the savages, always leading some of the pack with her.

He will have pity on the poor and needy, and the souls of the needy He will save. He will redeem their soul from oppression and violence.

FALL AND WINTER, 1781-1782.

DARK DAYS.



HEN the harvest time came in 1781 it was found that there was less corn at the Bluff than there was the year before. And as the autumn passed the dangers ahead made themselves felt more and more, and the winter of 1781-1782 closed down upon this sturdy, besieged little company out here in the backwoods, and

there was little to keep hope alive in their hearts.

The cattle became so lean and half-starved that they were pitiful to see. But the men had risked their own lives to get green cane and store it away for the poor things to eat in winter. Then there were those thick cedar trees on the hillside that sloped past the stockade. That was all they would have to hide behind to keep them from the cold, bitter winds.

There was less of everything for the comfort of man and beast than there had been during even the winter before.

Again for the second time had they thought of the nuts dropping from the trees all about in the forest. Of course, every time they left the fort it was at the risk of their lives. But the nuts must be gathered, and that fall they used a larger though very rough cart some one had

made. The nuts were brought in quicker than before. There were no roads, and getting those nuts in was hard work. But it was done, and the precious loads were stored away with great care. There would be little else to eat during the long winter. This time there were more hickory-nuts than any other kind.

It was at this time that more of the people gave up and went away. Several families who in 1780 had not thought of leaving now packed what they could on horseback and went to the Kentucky stations.

And again, as their friends went away, the few who were left were discouraged and made heart-sick. But with all that they bravely settled themselves to stay. "No, we will not leave," said the men. And the women said, "We will face any danger with you."

Now there were left so few men, not more than sixty people altogether, that they had to be more careful than ever. When they used their rifles they took, if possible, better aim than before. No powder must be wasted.

The Indians were driving all the game far off into the hills. And the hunter who went after it often never returned. Not one of their number could be spared.

As the winter went on, to make things worse, the men became restless and uncomfortable. They had to stay near the stockade and they longed for the freedom of the forest. They wanted to go, as usual, out on long hunts. They had become used to living out of doors and tramping about in the woods. To stay near the fort all the time was

not to their liking. But there was danger from those silent, hidden foes, even near the gate of the stockade.

An old man who had been young in those dark, dreadful days said that when he thought about what they passed through he did not see how they had lived.

But, you see, they were at peace among themselves, and they believed in God's goodness and that what He did was right. God had a purpose in keeping them here, and they felt just enough of it to know that they must stay.

They had those bright, warm fires in those little cabins, and true, warm hearts and friendships and cheerful, hopeful words for one another. And when you think of men and women who were shut away from the world in those backwoods cabins, their strength and cheerfulness is not surprising. Such men as they make up a goodly company. John Buchanan had "his book" to work upon and to study. And perhaps the others were doing work of the same kind.

MIDWINTER, 1781-1782.

DARKEST DAYS—EARLY PART OF 1782.

It was during the early part of 1782 that the darkest hour came. Then it was the greatest trial of their will and courage came to the Stationers on the Bluff.

"See how we are now standing back to back, all facing out like a covey of partridges watching for a creeping enemy," said one.

Spring was coming and with it probably large bands of Indians. Some French traders and a friendly Indian brought that word. Indians were constantly in small parties in the neighborhood. But the few hunters who ventured forth brought the word that they would be apt to get together as they had done the spring before on that second day of April.

The supply of powder was again getting low. Horses had been stolen and cattle had been killed. There were "no teams to break ground for planting when spring came. Why are we staying here in the midst of these dangers?" And this question was talked over often and often among them.

Some of them said: "We must go. It is hopeless here."

All felt that it would be well to get together and decide what should be done. A meeting was called and a few men from the other stations met at the Bluff. They talked earnestly and long. They were good friends talking about what was best for them all.

All the good reasons for going were given. But all the time Colonel Robertson said "No." He said: "I am utterly opposed to breaking up. I shall be the last to leave." And it was a speech that he then made that caused each one to feel that he, too, would stay. It was decided to "fight it out here!"

There was still a noble little crowd of women in that fort. They said to the men: "We came to make this our

home. We love this beautiful place now. You must stay, and we will do what we can to help.”

So with their trust in God and their hearts full of courage they settled down to stay. But there was nothing that they could then see to give any hope.

Little did they realize, though, how much their staying was meaning and did mean to their country.

Now there is another paper that our Historical Society prizes. It was written during this winter of 1781-1782. It was against breaking up the settlement. There are two copies—a rough one and a finished copy. It is all in the handwriting of Andrew Ewin. It shows that there must have been much talk on this subject.

It is called “The Remonstrance to Breaking Up the Settlement.”

It is easy to understand now why there had been no chance for meetings of the Notables and no heart for keeping any records since that first day of May. But how we do wish that Andrew Ewin had written about the little things as they happened each day. Little has been said about him, but he was there all the time and he was a strong, good man. “He was a ready writer, a scholar, a friend and a patriot.” He “was in the ranks of the bravest from the beginning.”

After they decided to stay Colonel Robertson was not idle. His thoughts went in every direction, and messages followed them.

Word went to North Carolina to remind her that this feeble little settlement was out here on her far western border.

It went to Watauga, asking friends to come here, and telling again how rich and beautiful the country was.

Again did messages go to the Indians, carried by Timothy Demonbreun and a few friendly Indians. And by the same messengers he kept up with those enemies of George Washington who were making the Indians fight against the white people. The Indians began to see that the settlers on the Cumberland might be good friends to them.

In this way Colonel Robertson began to make friends with the Indians; and by doing this he began to hold back the English and Spanish who were the real enemies of George Washington.

Another serious question was about the use of the rivers.

The easiest way for the Cumberland settlers to get to the outside world was to go down the rivers. There were French and Spanish down there. The French and Spanish did not want these English-speaking people to be free to use the rivers.

They tried to get the Cumberland settlers to join with them against the Colonies.

Colonel Robertson let them know that he was going to use the rivers because he had a right to do so; that he wanted to be their friend, but that he stood with George Washington and the American colonies against the world.

That was a brave stand for few men to take, so far away as they were from friends. But these settlers at the Bluff near the French Lick were *true* and *brave*.

Here at Nashborough it was not known what was happening anywhere else in the world. But during April of 1782 something of great importance to them was taking place in North Carolina. And it happened just about the time when some were talking so seriously of giving up and going away.

This land, as we know, was a part of North Carolina then. The lawmakers of that young State had heard from James Robertson about the stations on the Cumberland. They made a law that the State would give to each married man, who had been here on May 1, 1780, 640 acres of land, and to each unmarried man as much land as he cleared of trees and got ready for planting.

This was called the Pre-emption Act. 640 acres around all Salt Licks could not be taken by any one. They thought that salt could be made from the springs, so this was to be public land.

This was the first time the Colony or the State had ever noticed this little lonely settlement struggling out here by itself.

This made the people east of the big mountains and at Watauga begin again to think of coming to the Cumberland country.

Another thing that had just happened east of the mountains made them want to come still more. What that was we shall read about later.

LITTLE BOY STORIES.

PIOMINGO.



It was a cold frosty morning. The sun was just breaking through the fog. The children had gone around to the spring to get water for their mother. Cold as it was, they liked to stay near the spring. When their buckets were filled they stood there at the top of the bluff, looking across the river.

Above the big tree tops on the other side, now gray with the fog, was a dark red ball like fire. The older boys said, "It is the sun." But John was not so certain. He knew it was the place for it to be in the morning, so he thought the boys might be right. When they picked up their buckets and carried them inside the gate to the cabins, John followed along the short path slowly. Now and then he looked back at the pretty red ball.

When he turned the corner at the gate he found that some of the men had come out and were busy at work at the woodpile. This was in front of the gate up the hillside a little way. The day before they had cut down a large tree near by. They had chopped off the smaller branches and these made a brush heap just southwest of the woodpile still farther up the hill. But this brush heap would soon be cleared away.

They wanted to finish cutting the wood that morning, and quick work such men as they could make of cutting up one tree. There were other things to be done about the

Fort. Besides, in weather like that the far-away hills and forests seemed to call them to come, and some were in a hurry to go, even though there was so much danger in doing so.

John liked to watch the chips fly, so he stopped. Nobody could make them fly any faster than Thomas Spencer.

The dogs were running here and there in through the gate and out again. All of them wagged their tails more than ever as they passed John.

Presently Red-gill came close to Mr. Castleman's side. John saw her and wondered. With her head pointed straight up the path towards the Sulphur Spring Bottom, she gave a low growl which no one heard but Castleman himself.

Then a horse laid his ears back and sniffed at the air. Castleman stopped work and grasping his gun looked up the pathway and through the low thick cedars up the hill-side.

"What is the matter with you, Mr. Castleman?" said Mr. Ewin. "Are you asleep and dreaming?"

For answer the old man gave a kind of grunt and started up the path, his head bending forward, his gun in hand and Red-gill at heel.

Then the young men laughed and said: "He's thinking about Indians."

After looking about a little he turned and came back, but sat down upon a log and gave no notice to the laugh and the talk going on around.



PIOMINGO.

However, the other good woodsmen soon had their guns near at hand, and their sharp eyes were watching the forest in every direction while they worked.

Again Red-gill growled, and now the other dogs stood still and the horses, too, turned their heads towards the path and softly sniffed.

The young men did not smile now. They got their guns. Old Castleman was right. Indians were in the neighborhood.

Castleman was always right when he said Indians were near. Who knew it first this time and told him so truly?

The children were sent inside the stockade, and the men were getting ready to go, too. The short, sharp barks and

the howls of the dogs scared John. He felt like crying. Besides, he wanted to stay outside and see what was the matter. But about that time the sun came out brightly, and for a little while his thoughts went back to that red ball he had seen in the sky.

But outside a queer thing was happening. By this time all were watching the path. For walking right down the hill, not hiding behind any cedar trees, but in the middle of the path, there came an Indian chief. They knew him to be a chief by the feather on his head.

“Ah,” said Mansker, in his good Dutch way of speaking English, “it is Piomingo, the Mountain Leader. I know him well.” And Mansker and Demonbreun, who also knew him well, started up the path to meet him.

The big gate was closed but not fastened, for the men were outside. Those inside wanted to see what was going on. So some ran up into the lookout, as they called the two-storied cabin at the gate, and at every crack in the stockade on that side eager eyes were peeping out. John held tightly to his mother’s dress. He no longer felt like crying, for he found himself peeping through a little crack between the posts. It was just at the right place for his eyes. And this is what he saw.

Old Piomingo raised his hand in a quiet, stately way. It was a sign of friendship. Mansker and Demonbreun did the same in answer, and fearlessly the Indian walked down into their midst.

Wood had been hastily thrown on the fire, and it crackled and burned brightly. Colonel Robertson's pipe with the long stem and his best tobacco was brought by one of his boys from his cabin.

By that time all except the young men and boys were sitting on the ground around the fire. The pipe was lighted and passed around, each one smoking in his turn. All this was the polite way to treat an Indian when he came on a visit. Every one wondered what Piomingo wanted, or why he had come. They knew that, coming as he had, alone and with signs of friendship, there must be some good reason. But nobody said a word, or even smiled. He would have thought that unfriendly.

Really, they were all getting very tired waiting, when at last the old chief said something. To the boys it sounded like several grunts, Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! But Demonbreun quickly understood and making a sign that the Indian knew, he told Colonel Robertson what he had said.

And then the "talk" went on slowly between them. Piomingo always waited a long time before he spoke, and Colonel Robertson tried to do the same thing, because the Indians like that. The Indians all liked Colonel Robertson's manner. He was quiet and spoke very little.

John became tired of it, and was very glad when his mother turned away from her place at the stockade. He was glad now to watch what was going on inside.

It seemed that everybody was trying to help in some way with the cooking, but they spoke softly to one another.

They had nothing to cook but some venison and a little buffalo meat, and that was already in the pots getting ready for their dinner that day.

But everyone was excited, and there was much going in and out of the cabins. David Hood sat on a bench outside a cabin door. He laughed and said he was powerfully glad he had just mended all the buckets and pots, and screwed all the pot hooks on tight. For everything was in use that morning.

Outside, the "talk" and the quiet smoking went on. Piomingo never knew of the excitement among the women. Nearly all the morning passed. Then at the right time the nicely cooked meat was carried out in the great iron pots. These were set down within the circle, and solemnly each one sitting there put his hand in when his time came and took some of the meat and ate it. The white men would not even let a twinkle of fun come into their eyes.

This was the polite Indian way in which Piomingo had treated them when they had been to his village. Piomingo had been kind to Mansker when they first met down at the mouth of the Cumberland, and Demonbreun had often been over to the southwest in the Chickasaw country.

At last Piomingo arose and was ready to go. More meat was brought and given him to carry on his journey home. Some one remembered a red blanket he had in his cabin. That was brought out and given him. A little powder and tobacco were given him from their scanty supply.

And with another sign—a friendly raising of his hand—the fine old Indian chief turned and walked up the path, and his going was as full of fearlessness and dignity as his coming had been. When he disappeared up the hill among the cedars the men looked at each other with a smile of gladness. They had been so afraid that something might be done that he might think unfriendly.

“I see,” said one, “that we can manage ourselves when friendly Indians come, but we cannot make our dogs behave. Did you notice my dog, and Red-gill, and, in fact, all the pack?”

It was true. Red-gill always kept herself between Castleman and Piomingo as though to defend her master, and during the whole of that visit the hair stood up on her backbone. Some of the dogs stood between their masters’ horses and the Indian. They scarcely took their eyes off of him, so watchful and suspicious were they.

“Well,” Colonel Robertson said, “I think we can trust Piomingo. He is our friend. The Chickasaws of his village, at least, will be our friends. He will keep his word. He is a grand old Indian.”

John went on with his play and did not know then how much good had been done by the Chickasaw’s visit that morning.

The Stationers at the Bluff learned much from him that helped them to know what to do. Piomingo had

come to tell them what their enemies, British and Spanish, were trying to do to hurt them. This helped not only to save the lives of the people, but helped them to keep this land here at the Bluff for their own and to begin the city of Nashville, and even to keep this land a part of the United States that was to be.

So the men at the Bluff valued the friendship of Piomingo, the Mountain Leader.

SUMMER AND FALL, 1782.

A SURPRISE.



DURING the early summer there came a day of great excitement at the Bluff. No one from the outside world had come to the stations here for a long, long time. And now a strange sound came from across the river and a strange company was seen on the opposite bank. A boat was joyfully sent across for them. Every one who could leave the Fort ran down to the landing place.

“Who is it?” “Where did they come from?” everybody thought. Soon it was seen that they were friends from Watauga! Could there be more rejoicing? It would seem not.

They were only a few, but such a crowd it seemed to the poor, brave little group at Nashborough!

What new life and hope they brought with them!

Why they had, as it seemed to the little party that received them, large numbers of fresh, well fed horses and cattle. They had "axes and farming implements and mechanics' tools, good guns and much powder and lead." And they brought seed corn and garden seed and such things.

And oh, the news they did bring!

On April 19, 1782, General Washington had sent out word that the war had stopped! And that his army had won! He said he wanted the people to give thanks to God for that blessing.

This was the first day of thanks kept by our whole country.

And this victory was the other thing that had happened east of the mountains that made the people think of coming over into this new country.

And this turned out to be the reason that the Indians had given so little trouble that spring.

The new-comers told about the Battle of King's Mountain. They told what their friends at Watauga had done: of the assembly on the Watauga; the march across the mountains; the meeting with the British, and the return march to their homes.

Then all the happenings at Watauga must be told.

Then this fine country near the Bluff must be shown. The men must have spent many of those summer days walking over these hills and valleys. There was so much land that still did not belong to anybody, and, of course, each man wanted to select some for himself. Even if he

had not been here on May 1, 1780, he could still get 640 acres for almost nothing.

The women and the children were settled comfortably in the cabins on the Bluff. New cabins were built inside the stockade and the long, sweet summer days were spent with more cheer than usual.

The fresh horses and the plows and farming tools and the hope brought by the new-comers helped work of every kind that summer. There was promise of better times ahead. New fields were made and some of the old ones replanted.

On Colonel Robertson's land, where West Nashville is now, a fine cornfield was planted. It was late in the season to be planting, but they tried it.

When fall came what seemed to them a good supply of corn and some other things were stored away for winter.

But the nuts were not forgotten. A large supply of them was again gathered in. They saw that there was no danger of starving during that coming winter. There was plenty for people and cattle, too.

DECEMBER, 1782.

It was in December when the news reached Nashborough that the great War for Independence was really over and a treaty had been signed.

Now the savages knew that the war was over before the white people knew it. It seemed to keep them back for a little time. The spies knew that Indians were al-

ways in the neighborhood and wondered why they did so little harm that year.

(Adapted.)

Few of the earliest settlers here took any part in the battles of the Revolution, yet they suffered more for their faithfulness to the colonies than most of those who did.

The cruel savages were sent against them by their enemies. And they were off so far by themselves that no outside help could come to them. Whatever was done for protection they did alone. The great war in the east was over. Things seemed brighter because more people were coming all the time. But there were to be more than ten years of struggles with Indians and other enemies.

So we might say that the war had just begun for these brave, devoted people!

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1783.



THE first day when anything was ever celebrated in Nashville was New Year's Day, 1783.

And the cause of the celebration was the victory of the Colonies! The War for Independence was over. The United States had become a country, a free and independent country!

No one at the Bluff that day ever forgot it. Whenever it was spoken of "afterwards throughout his long life, Andrew Ewin always drew himself up to his full height." He was so proud to think of it all.

"There was great rejoicing." From their scant supply of powder enough was spared to make the woods ring. They fired the "little swivel" to show how glad they were. It did its best again on that bright day of rejoicing as it had done before in times of darkness and danger.

This was a happy New Year's Day, indeed. All felt that better times were coming. Some of the dear old ladies said over and over again: "Bless the Lord! Bless the Lord!" This was their way of thanking God.

There were only about seventy men now at the stations altogether. But most of them were tried and true. They had passed through the darkest hours together and they could certainly depend upon one another now. Every moment for three years they had together faced death, either from Indians or from starvation.

No time had they for anything but to watch for that sly and cruel foe, or to try to get food from the woods. There had been no time for meetings as they had planned. And there was nothing to be done if they had met! But now they decided to begin again their little government as it had been planned on that first May day.

This livelong day I listen to the fall

Of hickory-nuts and acorns to the ground,

The croak of rain-crows and the blue-jay's call,

The woodman's axe that hews with muffled sound.

—*Walter Malone.*

THE GOVERNMENT OF THE NOTABLES REVIVED JANUARY 7, 1783.



PEOPLE were living at only five of the stations at this time. Word was sent around to each one that a meeting would be held at Nashborough on January 7, and they were asked to elect twelve men to come to it. Ten men met on that day at the cabin on the Bluff. The other two came to a later meeting. When they came together on January 7 they first solemnly promised one another to settle all questions coming before them to the best of their judgment with equal right and justice to all. They promised to be honest and true. This committee then elected its officers. Col. James Robertson was made chairman and Andrew Ewin clerk. The clerk was to write all about the meetings. Andrew Ewin was clerk for many years and all that he wrote is very interesting to us. From that 7th of January to this day the records of our County Court have been carefully kept.

The written record of the Court, or Government of the Notables, begins thus: North Carolina, Cumberland River, January 7, 1783.

In a few words it makes us feel the suffering and sorrow of the time since May, 1780. It tells of the discouragement of the few who stayed; that even the little government had seemed to cease; that now having some relief from the Indians, and people coming again, hope had

returned, so that it was highly necessary again "to revive our former manner of proceedings."

The word "revive" shows that the government had been kept up, "however weak" it may have been.

The meetings were to be held twice a month in one of the cabins at "Nashburgh," as it was once written. Read the following, copied from the records and showing some of the laws passed at these meetings:

Nashborough, March 4, 1783.

At this meeting a law was made that every man "above ye age of sixteen, of every fort or station on ye waters of the Cumberland," must promise to be true to the State of North Carolina and to the United States. "Acknowledging it to be our bounden duty to do so." The Notables first took this oath themselves and saw to it that every other man took it.

March 15, 1783.

Colonel Robertson was elected "by the people" to go to North Carolina to the meeting held to make laws for the State.

And another very important law was made that day. It was about the Indian spies. It was decided to pay six of the best hunters or spies for their work. These men had been spending their time going about in the forest and bringing back word about the Indians. Now they were to be paid, but not with money.

Does it not seem strange to think that no money had been needed during all those first years? The spies were each to receive seventy-five bushels of corn a month, "*so long as we shall be able to pay them.*"

They were to be under the direction of Colonel Robertson.

April 1, 1783.

They did not want whiskey brought here. A little later on they said it should not be made here. Besides being so bad for the people, they said it was a waste of their corn. "Hitherto there has been no drunkenness here, and Colonel Robertson hopes there never may be any waste of grain, or waste of estates, or ruin of souls by the drinking of liquor."

On this day it was ordered that a road be made from Nashborough to Mansker's Station. Gasper Mansker had moved back there about this time. No doubt he had something to do with this order. The road was laid off along the trace, but not cleared out until the next year. It is now the Gallatin Pike.

May 6, 1783.

It seems that some worthless men had gone down the rivers and had become robbers and pirates, stealing from the trading boats down there. This had to be stopped. It made those people think that the Cumberland settlers were dishonest. Thomas Molloy sent a letter down to the Spanish Governor and to others, telling them that they would put a stop to this. "We detest and abhor such practices."

So a law was made on May 6 that nobody should go down the river without getting leave to do so from the committee and getting papers to show this.

June 3, 1783.

The voting took place for or against having a meeting for a treaty with the Indians.

July 1, 1783.

Two men were sent down to the Illinois with a letter to the Agent of Virginia, and by him to be sent to the Spanish Governor. This was to tell again that the Cumberland settlers had nothing to do with the stealing from the trading boats that was still going on. The men were paid for taking the letter.

So we see that this little free government had to pay the "expenses of embassies to foreign courts." These are some of the important things we find the Notables doing. We have reason to be very proud of the Government of the Notables.

"It was the wisest, the best managed state, government or community west of the mountains in that day. Those few men acted, in fact they had to act, as though they were really at the head of a separate nation. They were "independent, self-relying, self-sustaining and self-defending."

Strange as it may seem, they wrote letters to and received them from Spanish and French Governors and English agents, as well as Indian chiefs.

The most careful search will show that all they did was wise and good, and from much which they did some great good has come to the whole of the United States.

This government began May 1, 1780, and ended October 6, 1783.

Let us remember these first three dates and what each means to our city:

Christmas	1779
May Day	1780
Jan. 7th	1783

The government owned a little boat. It was called the Rundown. People said they used it to run down the river when they had business there. The Rundown was a fine, well made boat, "a slim canoe." It went down the river swiftly and was easy to row up stream.

MONEY AT THE STATIONS.

The things used as money seem strange to us now. Corn was most often used. Papers were given to the soldiers and the guards, having written upon them promises to pay in land or corn. These papers sometimes were given as money.

640 acres of land on the Lebanon Pike were traded for "three axes and two cow bells." David Shelby bought

640 acres where East Nashville is now for “a young mare, a rifle gun and a pair of leather breeches.” Another tract of land was sold for a “faithful rifle and a clear-toned bell.” Judge Campbell bought our Cedar Knob for a cow and a calf. A cow and a calf were really worth more than a rocky hill top.

Furs and hides were used as money when the settlers traded with people at a distance.

A VISIT TO HILLSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA.

APRIL, 1783.

News came to the Cumberland settlements that men from all over North Carolina would meet in order to make laws for the State. The Notables elected James Robertson to go to that meeting. He got ready quickly to go.

Here was another one of those long journeys before him. This time it would be about seven hundred miles that he must go. Then, of course, seven hundred miles back again. However, he was very willing to go. He paid his own expenses.

He went across our river on the boat. Then on the blazed trace he passed Mansker's, and passed Bledsoe's and on out through the forest. He was on horseback.

On and on he went, along about the same trace by which he had come four years before. He went through Cumberland Gap. And he surely must have stopped at

Watauga. And right glad he was to see all his friends there. Then he went through the pass in the great mountains and on to Hillsboro.

It must have seemed strange to him to be again in a town. The people, the houses and the streets of the little village must have made it seem almost like a city.

And he—in his backwoods hunting shirt, leggins and cap—how did he look to the people there?

He told all about what had been taking place in the Cumberland country. The Government of the Notables pleased them very much. Its faithfulness to the Colonies, and so to the United States, pleased them still more.

But North Carolina was new, and they had many troubles near at home. So they gave little notice to this far-off settlement.

When Colonel Robertson came back, of course, he had much to tell about Hillsboro, Watauga and all the people he had seen and what he had heard.

Only one thing was done at that meeting for the good of our stations. And of that we shall hear more later on.

But Colonel Robertson had made friends over there. And he had laid plans from which much good would come to the "Cumberland District."

The soul deep-rooted standeth fast,
And bears through winter's buffeting
The secret promise of the spring.

—*Danske Dandridge.*

AT THE TREATY GROUNDS.

JUNE, 1783.



IN the summer of 1783 another unusual event took place. It shows how willing our Stationers were to obey the vote of the people and to be true to the far-away Colonies. Colonels Donelson and Martin were sent by Virginia to make a treaty with the Southern Indians. They wanted to have the meeting near the Bluff. Col. Robertson did not think it was wise to bring so many Indians so near to the stations. Besides it would be hard to get food and presents for them. It would give them a good chance to pry about, and they would see how few white men there really were here. It was decided to settle it by vote. This they did on June 3. Colonel Robertson was living then at Freeland's. At Nashborough and Freeland's the vote was two to one against it. At Eaton's every man but one voted for it. That decided it and the treaty would be held here. Eaton's was safer from the Indians than the stations on the other side of the river.

Then the men at Eaton's, seeing that they had put their friends in danger, promptly voted to be present on the days of the meeting with "person and property." This meant that they would help by sending food for the unwelcome guests and that they would be sure to be there themselves. Col. Robertson suggested that the meeting be held at the Sulphur Spring near his land on Richland

Creek. Indians coming there would have no reason for going near the stations.

“Runners” were sent to invite the Indians to come and have a “talk” with the Cumberland people. The time set was near the last of June. When the day came the Stationers were there—quiet, courageous and watchful. They were together near the spring, waiting. They knew the woods were full of Indians watching them, but they must pretend not to notice it. Do you wonder how they managed their dogs? Probably they left them locked inside the stockades.

Not for one moment do we suppose that anything escaped the notice of those good hunters and spies.

Then the Indians began to come into the open. They arrived one by one, or in small groups. They were quiet and dignified and seemed as harmless as little children. But these white men had been present at such meetings before and knew better than to trust to that. Great care must be taken and this must be managed in the Indians’ own way so that they would understand everything. No mistake must be made!

Soon nearly all the Indians had come out into the open place. The “runners” had done their work so well that with chiefs, headmen and braves, there were several hundred Indians. Piomingo was among them. White men and Indians sat on the ground in a large circle. Many of the young men were standing near listening closely. The

peace pipe was lighted and passed from one to another. A fire burned in the middle of the circle. All was silent. At last the "talk" began. Some one who knew the languages told what was said. He was called the "linguister."

Col. Robertson saw what a good chance this was to make friends of these enemies, and he did make good friends among them, especially among the Chickasaws. They liked his "talk" very much. They agreed to give all the land from the Cumberland forty miles to the south to the ridge between the Duck and Elk Rivers. They had no claim to this land except as a hunting ground, and they enjoyed the presents given them at that treaty much more than their claim to the land.

On the last day of the meeting a chief arose and began his last "talk" to Col. Robertson. I wish we had his exact words; for, as we know, there was a marvelous grace and strength and beauty about an Indian's speech at such a time. We have not his words, but we have three things that show in a beautiful way what he did say.

At one place in this "talk" with the simple words, "A string," he handed to the Colonel the string of leather. This was a sign that their friendship was bound tightly together, as with strong cords.

After another part he put into the Colonel's hand a little doeskin bag. This was to show that into his keeping the tribe gave all they had that was of value.

And finally he came forward and put upon the Colonel's feet a pair of moccasins. This meant that where the "little

Father'' (as they called him) led, the tribe would gladly follow.

What perfect trust in Colonel Robertson this shows! The moccasins, the bag, and the string are still in Nashville. They are among the most valuable things that our city may own.

It was at this time that Piomingo said he would like to clear out a path from this place to the Chickasaw nation that they might trade with one another. This was done after a few years and became a part of the Chickasaw trace.

Col. Robertson did not allow a drop of whiskey to be brought to the meeting. He had made up his mind to keep things pleasant and peaceful, and this cannot be done where there is whiskey.

After a few days the Indians went away much pleased with everything, and the friendships formed at this time proved of great use to the people in after years during the troublesome Indian wars. So, after all, this meeting was made to bring much good to the Cumberland people.

Now, who thinks that while all this was going on any boy at the stations would stay away? The paths to the treaty grounds were much used during those June days. The boys were out there watching and listening. There they saw, to their surprise, Indians sitting quietly smoking, and nobody was scared nor even uneasy. And so now and then one of the boys would go near to an Indian and make signs and be friendly.

Every day the young men and boys played games together. They had "ball plays and foot races and contests at high and long jumps." The Indians were best in running and jumping matches. The boys never forgot the good times they had during those days on the treaty grounds.

NOTE.—To this day the fields near the Sulphur Spring beyond West Nashville are known to many of the older people as the Treaty Grounds. They are also called the Nashville Camp Grounds. During every war the United States has had, Tennessee volunteers have camped on those grounds. The last was in 1898, before going to the Philippines.

LITTLE BOY STORIES.

THE MILL.

JOHN heard the sound of an axe and a hammer. He, like Little Red Riding Hood, often heard the woodman's axe off in the forest. But this time it was down by the river. There was a little landing place a few yards up the river from the spring and down a steep bank. He ran around from the gate and down the bank.

Near the water's edge he found several men. Gasper Mansker and two or three others were working busily together on the same thing. They told John that they were making a boat. So the little boy stayed near them all that day. He played around or stood still and watched, or sat on a stone and listened to their talk.

Two days later John was a surprised and happy boy.

His father had called him, and he had run fast down to the landing. There sat Thomas Spencer in the new boat, with the handle of an oar in each hand. John's father lifted a little bag from his own shoulder and placed it in the boat. Then he put John in. He then took his place at the other oars. John found himself floating swiftly down the river.

That was great fun. On the right the forest trees grew near the bank. Up on the left was the high bluff, and he could see the smoke coming from one of the chimneys inside the stockade. Some children up at the spring waved their hands at him. The dogs barked as they ran along the bank trying to keep up with the boat. But soon all that was left behind them.

Over on the right they had passed a place where a path seemed to end. They could see the prints of the feet of men and of horses. That was the beginning of the path up to Mansker's.

A little further down, on the left, was the place where Lick Branch ran into the river. They could see the cane-brake along its banks.

But the fun of sailing on the water was all John thought about. He was sorry when the boat stopped.

They were a mile and a half from the Bluff and had stopped on the right bank. On top of some very high land up a steep slope were a few log cabins with a stockade around them. This was Eaton's Station.

Spencer called. The gate opened and some boys and dogs came running out first. Then came three men. Some women stood at the gate and watched. The men had peeped from the lookout before opening the gate. All knew Spencer and John's father and were glad to see them.

After talking and laughing together a while, Spencer said: "I hear the mill at work, Mr. Wells. If you are too busy today to do a little grinding for us, we will leave our corn and come again for it."

"So do. So do. Bring the bag up," said Mr. Heyden Wells. "I'll start on it early tomorrow morning. Do you want meal or hominy?"

"A little of both," answered John's father, smiling.

So the boat was tied up. Spencer put the bag of corn on his shoulder. The crowd went together along the bank up a little branch. This creek flowed into the river at the foot of the high land where the cabins were.

"I reckon you people at the Bluff feel mighty proud of having any corn to carry to mill. I tell you we do down here at Eaton's," Mr. Wells said.

"Yes, yes. This is a fine harvest for us. We've been two years without corn. These children here don't know the taste of hominy," Spencer said as he patted one of the children on the head.

John heard no more of their talk, for the sound of "chug-chug" was getting louder and louder as they came

nearer. He ran with the other children to the curious thing that was making the noise.

It was the mill. The boys at Eaton's were very proud to show their mill to the little boy from the Bluff. It was the first mill ever built near Nashborough. Heyden Wells and his brother, James, planned and made it themselves.

Here are some of the things John saw. A dam had been made across the branch. A race or ditch was along the side of the branch. The water ran along through the ditch fast enough to turn a wheel. This wheel made "two rudely cut stones" turn upon each other. These stones very slowly ground into meal a little corn at a time. But the hominy pounder! That was the thing that was making the funny sounds, "chug-chug." When John saw that he had no eyes for anything else. He walked around it and looked, and then sat down and looked, and got up and went around to the other end and looked.

It was a trough made from a log twelve feet long. It was placed like a see-saw, on a narrow, strong piece of wood. It was fixed so that it would move easily like a see-saw. Water from the mill race could be turned into one end of the trough, which was on the ground at the time. The trough would fill up until the water running in made the other end fall to the ground. And the first end would then rise into the air. That would empty all the water out and then the first end would fall back heavily—"chug"—to the ground. Then more water would run in, and so the same thing happened over and over. A kind

of hammer was fastened to the first end. This struck the little pile of corn every time it fell and cracked the grains, making hominy.

“While the water runs the whole thing would keep thumping and crack the corn.”

This took such a long, long time even to crack a quart of corn that Mr. Cartwright had thought of a plan to work faster. He was working on it then and showed it to the visitors.

He had fastened some cows' horns on the rim of a wheel. This was placed so “that as each horn was filled by water from the little stream, its weight turned the wheel so that the next horn presented its opened, empty mouth to receive its supply of water weight, and thus the wheel” was kept turning. This turning of the wheel made a kind of pestle or hammer, striking the corn in the mortar many little blows and cracking it into hominy.

John saw that at work at another time when he went to Mr. Cartwright's mill. But he always thought that the see-saw hominy pounder was the greatest thing of the kind. And he had wonderful tales to tell his mother that night.

Before starting home they went up to speak to the women at the stockade. Then came the row up the river.

“Oh, father, please let me go with you when you go back to the mill,” John begged.

“Well, when the time comes we'll ask Mr. Spencer whether any Indians are about, and then we'll decide that,” his father said as he pulled lightly at the oars.

And then John looked up and saw his mother standing at the spring. How glad she looked when she saw them! Sometimes in those days when people went away from the Bluff they never came back. We know how Indians sometimes came upon them and killed them or carried them away.

She came running down to the boat, and this time John walked up to the fort between his father and mother, holding a hand tightly with both his little ones.

And over to the west beyond the Cedar Knob the sky was bright red and gold with the autumn sunset.

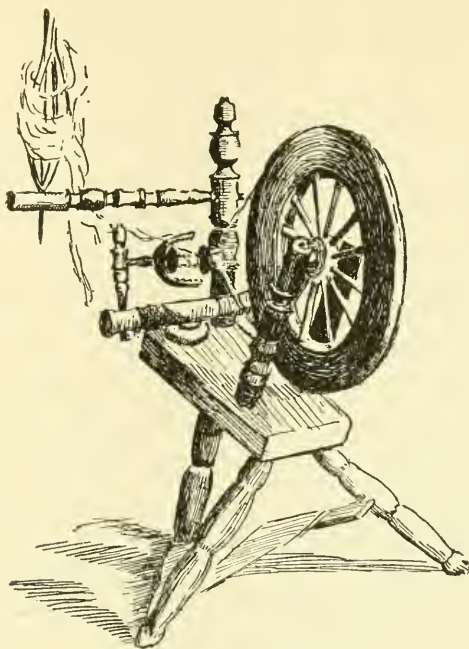
WEAVING, 1783.



AS far as any one knows, the cotton field in the Clover Bottom was the only one in Middle Tennessee, or probably even west of the mountains, in 1780. Very few people came during the next two years. But some one brought some cotton seed. For in 1783 and after, close to almost every cabin there was sure to be a little cotton patch.

The mother tilled it herself with the help of the children and the colored women. In the spring they made the ground ready themselves. Then they would drop the seed in, one at a time. They kept the weeds away and watched every plant.

Then when it was ripe in the fall they "pulled off the



SPINNING WHEEL.

bolts into their aprons or baskets.” They “seated themselves with children white and black around them. With busy fingers the seed was freed from the cotton—fingering each cotton seed to clear it from the pile.”

Sometimes a busy mother would have an apron with three pockets—“one for bolts, one for picked cotton, and one for good clear seeds.”

“The usual evening work for idle hands around a blazing log fire was the seeding of cotton, one seed at a time.”

Then the cotton would find its way to the spinning

wheel, and the children loved to hear the hum, hum of the wheel.

In one of the cabins at the Bluff there was a loom.

In the History Building at Centennial Park there is a spinning wheel and a loom. They were used in those early times.

The click-clack of the loom made the children laugh. They liked to watch it push the woof up close on the web with that click-clack.

The women did not like to dress in buckskin as the men did. There was no way to get any cloth unless they made it themselves.

The cloth thus made was called homespun. The boys and girls were proud of their homespun clothes.

FLAX AFTER 1783.

There is a beautiful poem about the flax flower. The little children then living in this Cumberland country never heard of that poem. But they knew all about flax.

Soon after 1783 some seed was brought. Then there was another little field growing near each cabin.

The children loved that one, too, with its pretty blue flowers stirring in the sunshine. They, too, could look from the cabin door, and think the same things you do, when you read those pretty stanzas.

And there were plenty of wild flowers on these hills for them to gather. They learned to "let the flax flower

be," although it was so blue and graceful. They felt like saying:

"Oh, the goodly flax flower!
It groweth on the hill
And be the breeze awake or 'sleep
It never standeth still;
It seemeth all astir with life
As if it loved to thrive,
As if it had a merry heart
Within its stem alive.
Then fair befall the flax field,
And may the kindly showers
Give strength unto its shining stem,
Give seed unto its flowers!"

—*Mary Howitt.*

All the people prized their linen. It was the finest cloth they had, although it was at first very coarse linen.

WOOL AFTER 1783.

After several years, it was after the Clinch Mountain road was made, a flock of sheep was driven over to the Cumberland settlements.

Then, it is easy to guess what could be seen on the spinning wheels and what kind of cloth was woven on the looms.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up, and call her blessed."—*Proverbs.*

DAVIDSON COUNTY.

FIRST COURT (OCTOBER 6, 1783).



NLY one thing was done for these stations at the meeting of the General Assembly in April. The plan was laid to make the lower Cumberland country really a part of North Carolina. It was to be a county of that State.

It must then be governed as the other counties were. So it was to have a court. Colonel Robertson brought back with him papers showing the names of the men who were to hold the court. We say the county began when the first court was held. This was October 6, 1783. The Government of the Notables ended on that day. But the same men were still at the head of affairs. Instead of being a Notable or Judge or Member of Committee, each was simply called a Justice. It was no new work for these men. They had before this managed well without the help of the State. They continued doing the same for many years afterwards.

Eight of the Notables were selected by North Carolina to be Justices. Four of them organized the County Court on October 6: Isaac Bledsoe, Samuel Barton, Francis Prince and Isaac Lindsey.

Andrew Ewin was appointed clerk at the first meeting. In January, 1784, the other four began their work as Justices. They were Thomas Molloy, Anthony Bledsoe, James Robertson and Daniel Smith.

The county was named Davidson County. It was first composed of the land from the Cumberland Mountains to the Tennessee River. Almost all of what is now Middle Tennessee was in it.

To the eight Justices was given all the power which the Notables had. This was wise for the State to do. It was too far away and too busy with its own affairs to give the slightest help. The stations would still have to do everything for themselves. Davidson County was really a province rather than a county, more like a foreign country than a part of the State.

Nashborough was again selected as the place for the court. Here is what we find written by Andrew Ewin about a house in which to meet:

“The court fixed on a place for building the courthouse and prison, agreeing that in the present situation of the settlements they be at Nashborough, to be built at the public expense of hewed logs. The courthouse to be eighteen feet square with a lean-to of twelve feet on one side of the house, with benches, bar and table for the use of the court.

“The prison to be of square hewed logs a foot square; both with loft floor, except the same shall be built on a rock.”

Exactly when these houses were built we do not know. The courthouse was not built by the next spring, for in April, 1784, we find this written:

“The April term of the court was opened at the house where Jonathan Drake lately lived and adjourned to meet immediately in the house in Nashborough where Israel Harman lately lived.” Jonathan Drake owned the lot at the northeast corner of the Square. The Harman house was somewhere near.

Can't you imagine them all standing up and walking out together from one log cabin to another, Andrew Ewin with his book under his arm?

During the years shortly after this the courthouse was certainly built. An old man said he heard his father tell about getting the big cedar logs across the river, with which they built it.

It was not on the exact site of the present courthouse, but it was on or near the Public Lott, as they sometimes called the Square. The jail was in the eastern part of the Square with a stockade fence around it. The stocks stood in front of the courthouse.

We suppose that the doors and window shutters were not very strong. Several years later there was some complaint about pigs and sheep taking shelter inside. In 1792 we find on the records: “Ord'd that David Hay repair the courthouse by making two doors well fixed and hung, with three window shutters well hung; and the house well chinked, sweeped, washed and cleaned, and the benches repaired.”

We find a statement that in 1795 Rev. T. B. Craighead held church in the courthouse, as he often did; that

the people crowded in the lean-to and at the doors and windows. We also find a statement that in 1796 the Methodist Church was built not far from the Courthouse. This church was built of stone and was on the northeast corner of the Square. Its back was towards the river.

It seems that court was sometimes held in this stone church.

The ground on the Square was not at all level. There were two great rocks standing out almost as high as the little courthouse roof. The houses of the town had to be made at least eight feet clear in the pitch, so the courthouse was certainly that high.

One of the first laws enforced by this county court was an old law of the Colonies. It had been made in 1741. It is this:

“In well regulated governments care is always taken that the day set apart for public worship be observed and kept holy. All persons are enjoined carefully to apply themselves to the duties of religion and piety, to abstain from labor in ordinary callings.” Of course this meant on Sunday.

Swearing and intemperance were not allowed. Nothing unjust or wrong was allowed. A man was once put in prison for “abusing an Indian.”

New people came to the settlements every now and then. They were not all of the better class of people. A few times lazy men, who would not work, went out into

the woods and stole cattle. These men were branded in the left hand with a T and they soon left this settlement.

Their laws were few and simple, and each one was *enforced*. When one of their own number did anything against the law he was certainly fined or punished according to the law. The records show this very clearly.

LAYING OFF A TOWN AT THE BLUFF.

SPRING, 1784.



IN April and May of 1784 the lawmakers of North Carolina made another law, or, as we say, "passed an act," of great importance to the people here at the Big Salt Lick.

James Robertson had again been elected to the General Assembly. He was there and this act was passed because he asked for it. He knew the people wanted it.

The law was that a town must be laid off near the Fort of Nashborough. During those three or four years, since their first coming, the people had often talked together of a town they hoped at some time to have.

Remember, the people themselves in May, 1780, had named their station, or fort, Nashborough. And now it was the people's wish that the town here be called Nashville.

(Note—*Borough* is Scotch and *ville* is French.)

We can remember that in 1782 North Carolina made a law that the salt licks in the Cumberland country, and 640 acres of land around them, should be kept as public land.

Six hundred and forty acres is one square mile.

Thomas Molloy at that time laid off the 640 acres around our Sulphur Spring. In doing so, the spring, instead of being in the middle of the square mile, as would seem natural, was near the northern side. This had to be, because James McGavock had taken the land just north around Freeland's Station. So we see that most of the square mile lay towards the south from the spring.

Then in 1784 the General Assembly passed the **very** important act spoken of above.

In it they said that 200 acres of that land belonging "to the French Salt Lick should be laid off at a place called the Bluff, on the south side of the Cumberland, for a town, to be called Nashville."

The spring was to be left out of this 200 acres. It still had 40 acres of free land around it. Four acres of the two hundred were to be left for public buildings. "Convenient streets, lanes and alleys" were to be laid off also.

The men who were to do this were called directors, or trustees. They were Samuel Barton, Thomas Molloy, Daniel Smith, James Shaw and Isaac Lindsey. Samuel Barton was treasurer.

Notice that Thomas Molloy was again among those engaged to lay off this land.

Here are the boundary lines of the 200 acres, as we know the streets now:

On the North—South side of Line Street. Beginning at McLemore and going nearly to the river. Thus Line Street got its name.

On the East—West side of Water or Front Street, from Line to what is now Broad. This left out a narrow strip of land along the river bank. (We wonder why that was left.)

On the South—North side of Broad Street, from Front to McLemore.

On the West—East side of McLemore from Broad to Line Street.

The place for the four acres for public buildings was wisely selected. This place was on top of the hill north from the fort. They are exactly the four acres that now make our Public Square.

Nearly all the towns in Middle Tennessee have a public square like this. It is a Spanish idea for a town. Nashville was the first one here started that way.

The streets were not really marked off and cleared out in the beginning. But nearly all the trees were cut away from the four acres where the Public Square was to be.

No doubt, a map was made with the "streets, lanes and alleys" marked upon it. Then they were cleared of trees and houses built along them as time went on.

The first two streets running east and west were Cedar and Spring (or Church Street). Cedar, of course, was named from the many cedars growing on that hillside and Spring Street started from the spring at the fort.

The streets running north and south were named as they came into use. The first was Main, which soon became Market Street. Then came College, Cherry, Summer, High, Vine and Spruce Streets. The reason for these names is found in another story.

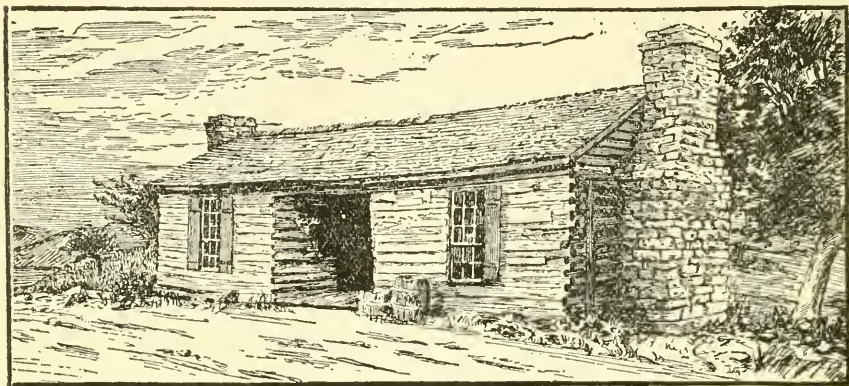
NOTE—The compass used in the first laying off of the city of Nashville is now owned by the “Historical Society.”

Front Street was afterwards made and called Water Street.

The part not set aside for streets was divided into lots of one acre each. The trustees were to attend to the sale of these lots. Each lot was to cost “four pounds, lawful money.” They were sold on condition that the buyer should within three years build a well-framed, log, a brick or a stone house. We have the names of those who bought lots. Each house was to be “sixteen feet square, at least, and eight feet clear in the pitch.” This seemed a very good sized house to those women who had come around in The Adventure and lived here in the backwoods for so long.

The building of houses soon began in earnest. The street which led from the gate of the fort up to the “Square for public buildings” was the first street upon

which houses were built. The log cabins of the fort were already near it. People wanted to be near the stockade, so as to get inside quickly when Indians came. And then



OLD LOG HOUSE.

they wanted to be near the spring. They did not want to carry water any farther than could be helped.

But the "little town in the cedars at the bluff" was beginning to grow.

WIDTH OF STREETS.

Do you wonder why the streets were not made wider?

At this day we have a beautiful idea of what a city should be. It should have wide, clean streets, many parks and grass, trees and flowers, and beautiful public buildings and homes. And it is quite easy for us now to look about over our grand hills and lovely valleys and say how our city should have been laid off at first. We may rea-

son thus: They had all the land to use as they pleased. Little of it as yet belonged to any one. They at least could have laid off the 200 acres so as to start the city on our beautiful plan.

But suppose we put ourselves in the places of the people of that time.

They knew of the cities of Europe. They had seen some of the towns east of the mountains—Philadelphia and Baltimore, for instance, and New Orleans, down on the Mississippi. They made their streets as wide as the streets of those cities.

Besides, those men were used to the narrow paths through the forests made by themselves, or the wider buffalo paths. There was no such thing as even a wagon road within several hundred miles.

So when we look at Market and College and the other streets named above, we can certainly realize what wide and elegant thoroughfares the Stationers felt that they had planned for their town. They must not be blamed for our narrow streets.

The blame lies with the people who let them stay narrow, after many years had passed, and the need for wider streets was felt.

“The birds around me hopped and played,

Their thoughts I cannot measure:—

But the least motion which they made,

It seemed a thrill of pleasure.” —*Wordsworth.*

THE CLINCH MOUNTAIN ROAD.

1785-1787.



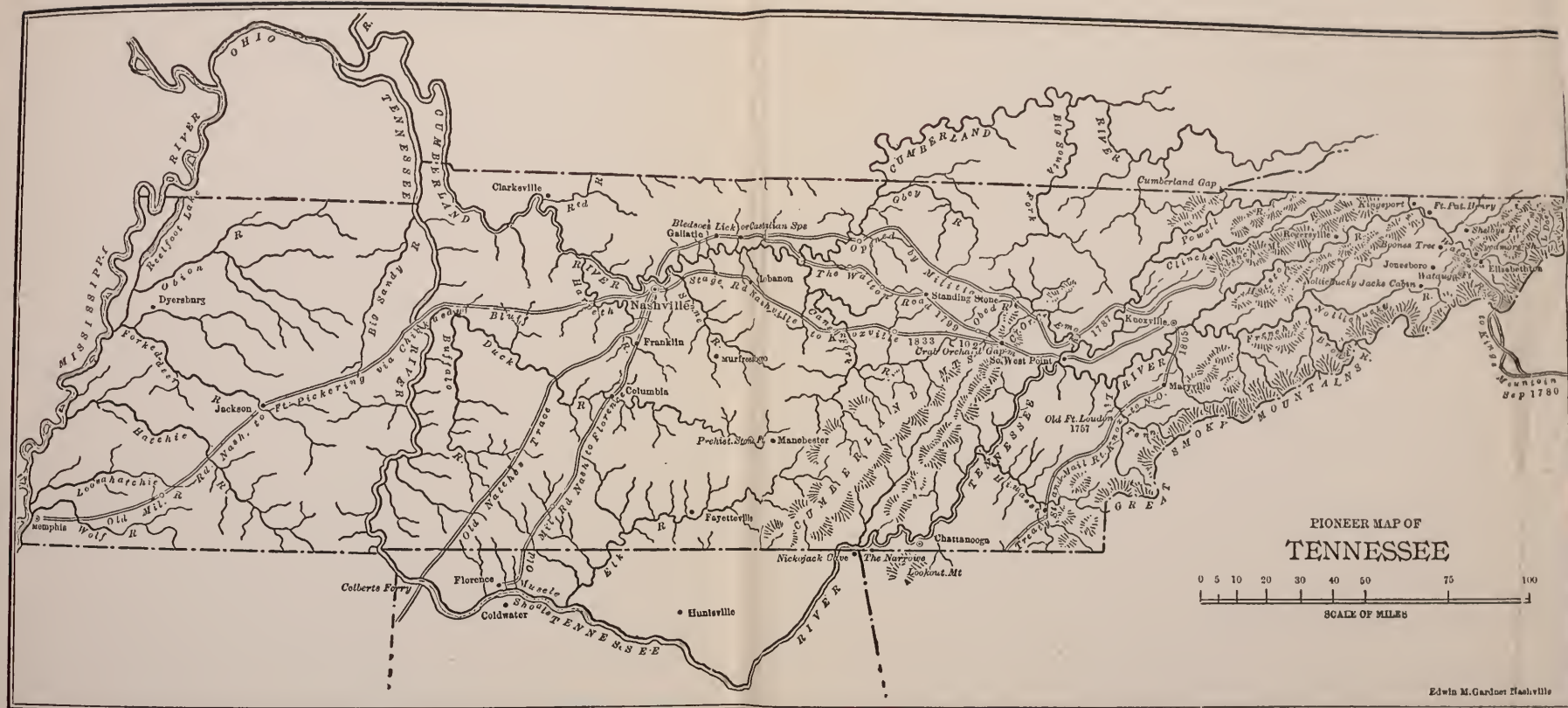
Y this time people were ready and anxious to come out to the Cumberland country. The Government here saw that the trace through the Cumberland Gap was not the nearest nor the safest way for them to come. The hunters and surveyors had found a better way. So plans were made to open a new road.

Soldiers were sent from the Cumberland settlements to open the way; and by the year 1787 it had become a good road, for those days. With much pride it is stated that it was "ten feet wide."

This was the first wagon road into Middle Tennessee. It started from the lower end of Clinch Mountain. It went through the Southwest Pass, or, as we now call it, Emory's Gap, and up the Emory River valley.

We can follow it on the map and see how it at last passes Bledsoe's Lick and then comes down the old trace, now the Gallatin Pike, to Nashville.

When the soldiers, who first cut the trees and bushes and made the road, came upon the flat top of the Cumberland Mountains they were surprised at the large number of wild animals. These animals had never seen men before. They did not run away, because they had never been made afraid. It seemed a pity to startle or frighten them.



[illegible]

The men had gone up steep gorges guarded by laurel thickets. They found they must go down the same kind on the other side. It was certainly hard work to find an easy way up and down. And it was hard work to make the road even ten feet wide.

Ferry boats were used at the river crossings.

People who wanted to come by the road usually stopped at Jonesboro, in East Tennessee, and waited until a large party had gathered. Of course, the Indians had found that the people were coming this way. They often lay in wait in large numbers and killed passing travellers, or took them prisoners.

So some of the soldiers who helped make the road and many other young men of the settlements volunteered to form themselves into a company. Their business was to go to meet these parties and act as guards along the new road.

These settlements never had any help from North Carolina. Everything was managed according to the judgment of this little independent government. These guards were, of course, paid by the people here.

We find the following on the records:

“Every able-bodied man who shall enlist and furnish *himself* with a good rifle or smooth-bored gun, one good *picker*, shot-bag, powder horn, twelve good flints, one pound good powder, two pounds lead bullets or suitable shot, shall be entitled to receive each year for his services:

“One blanket, one good woolen or fur hat of middle size; one pair buckskin breeches and waitcoat lined.”

For this a tax was put upon the people to be paid in corn, venison, beef or other provisions.

Two hundred and ten men were to form this company of soldiers. They were to meet “at the lower end of Clinch Mountain.”

The guards liked their work. As soon as one party was safe in the Cumberland country they went gaily back to meet another. We can readily see that these soldiers had no way of making this what we should call a good road. They could only clear off the bushes and trees, making an opening through the forest and canebrakes. Men on foot or on horseback found it easy to travel. But if they tried to get a wagon over there was much trouble. But they were very glad to have even that kind of a road, and it was such a good pathway for their pack horses. And now, having this road and a guard of good soldiers, the people began coming in greater numbers and they felt that they could bring with them anything they wished. Many beautiful as well as convenient things were now seen in some of the cabins here. Among them were pieces of fine old mahogany furniture and silver spoons and silver candlesticks.

It seemed to the people that there was no trouble now in getting farming tools and wagons and cattle. So the opening of this Clinch Mountain Road was a great thing

for the Cumberland settlements. Of course the road was made better as the years went on.

In the summer of 1795 a wagon road was opened direct from Knoxville to the Clinch Mountain Road. Roads, good for that time, led to Knoxville from the States east of the mountains. Loaded wagons could then travel these roads with ease. People began to come in very large numbers. It is said that they came in almost a constant stream. Several handsome carriages were brought to Nashville.

LIKE A KNIGHT.

1794.

(Part of this is adapted from John Carr.)



THOMAS SHARPE SPENCER was wonderfully strong, even in those days of strong men. He once wanted to clear five or six acres and put a fence around this clearing. He first cut down the great forest trees. He cut their huge trunks into rail timbers. Each one of these rail timbers would have made ten or fifteen fence rails. He picked up each big log and carried it, by himself, to the outside edge of the cleared place!

Again, in 1780, Dick Hogan, Frank Haney and Spencer were "raising cabins." They were building these cabins so that they might have a right to 640 acres of land. Hogan and Haney were strong men, too; but Hogan

had the name of being a "bully." "Spencer was not well that day and "was in the camp, lying on a blanket by the fire. Hogan and Haney had got up one end of a log, but for their lives they could not put the other end in place."

Spencer said quietly, only wishing that he could help: "If I were well I would put that up for you."

"I am a stronger man than you are any day," said Hogan, excited and angry.

Then "Spencer, rising, walked to the log, took hold of it and threw it up with apparent ease; and without a word he walked back to the camp and lay down again upon his blanket."

Hogan had tried to "pick a quarrel" with Spencer before, but that sign of strength cured him forever of the wish to do so.

Once two young men were fighting. Spencer stepped up to separate them. Bob Shaw, wanting to see the fight, struck Spencer a stinging blow in the face. Spencer turned upon him, picked him up, although he was a large man, by the band of his trousers and the neck of his shirt and threw him over the fence. And that was the end of all fighting for many a day.

All of which shows his wish to keep the peace and to use his great strength to make people better.

And was not that what the knights did in olden times—King Arthur's Knights of the Round Table?

One day after the settlement began at the French Lick he and another hunter were together far out in the woods.

Indians, creeping upon them at their camp, fired and killed his companion. Quickly Spencer picked up his dead friend and his gun and ran with them through the cane to a place of safety.

The Indians were so surprised at his strength and bravery that they were afraid to follow. A man who could carry another and two guns and who was brave enough to take the time to do it was one of whom they were afraid. And so he saved his friend's body, even at the risk of his own life.

Shall we not name Thomas Sharpe Spencer among our heroes? There was Sir Philip Sidney who was a hero. Whom else do we know who thought of other people instead of himself?

Spencer was one of the most valued of the early settlers of Nashville. In 1780 he came to live at the little town among the cedars near the Big Salt Lick.

In 1794 he went back to his old home in Virginia to get some money that had been left him.

He returned in company with a large party. They came by way of the Clinch Mountain Road. They had come through Southwest Pass and were coming up the Emory River valley. They had wagons and horses.

That great old hunter and Indian fighter never trusted entirely to others to be on the lookout for danger. He

rather undertook to take care of them, even though they were soldiers and guards themselves.

True to his habit, he was on just a little ahead of the wagons and the watching guards. It was at a dangerous place—a place where Indians had surprised the soldiers before. This was near Crab Orchard Creek. The wagons could be heard coming on behind.

Down a long sweep of rocky hillside rode Spencer, alone. He was leading some pack horses. Every sense was alert to catch the first sign of danger. Many a time had he outwitted the artful savages, and they knew him.

Up among the crevices of a large rock several guns were suddenly lifted. Spencer knew it not this time, all was so quickly over.

The soldiers and the others behind were startled by gunshots, Indian guns they knew. And then came a horse galloping madly back into their midst.

After a short fight the Indians disappeared. But they had shot and killed our hero! He was buried at the top of the hill. And to this day it is called Spencer's Hill.

“Let all persons who have the habit of traveling abroad, take this advice and see what wonderful, beautiful things are lying at hand at home, and may be reached between the hours of breakfast and dinner-time.”

—*William Makepeace Thackeray.*

THE BOYS AND GIRLS.



JOHN.

THE little boys and girls at the stations were growing very fast! Their fathers and mothers were surprised when they looked at them.

They were learning fast, too. But the things they were learning were not in books. We know how they listened to the tales about people and things far over to the East; and the tales the hunters told of wild animals and of Indians in the forest.

Then some bright morning, when a boy was old enough, he started out with the hunters. What a great thing it must have been to go out hunting all day with Abraham Castleman, Gasper Mansker or Thomas Spencer!

The boys were learning from them how to find their way in the woods; to know by signs when Indians were about, and the best way to defend themselves from the savages.

They were learning to shoot and never miss their aim. And strange as it may seem, this training that they were getting then saved the United States and kept it a free country. For some of the boys of that time became the men who fought the Battle of New Orleans—the famous squirrel hunters of Tennessee.

Besides, they were learning to know all the animals and birds in the woods, and all the fish in the streams; what they ate and where and how they made their homes.

They listened and learned from the animals themselves how to bleat like a fawn, gobble like a turkey, hoot like an owl, whistle like a bird, or even to bark like a fox. We know how this might save their lives some day.

While out in the woods these boys may have walked over the very ground where your school or your home is now.

The boys learned to get the animal skin ready to be used for their clothes. The men showed them how to make it into shirts and leggins and caps.

Some of the soft leather would be cut into strings for thread. Then the shirt would be cut out, and with an awl holes were punched along the edges to be sewed together. The thongs or leather strings were put through the holes, and the seams were laced up, as a shoe is laced with the

shoestring. At the ends of the seams the thongs were tied together.

On a rainy day or in the evenings about the fire the men and boys helped in the spinning, the weaving and in the making of clothes.

And the girls, too, were learning much all the time. They helped their mothers in the care of the little cotton patch or the flax. They could milk, churn, cook, spin, wash the clothes and take care of the baby.

Everybody was learning to take good care of the sick or wounded people. When any one was shot by Indians the people knew just what to do. There were no doctors here then. Of course, the children were learning all this, too. And the children could ride horseback and row a boat and swim. They could make good wood fires. They saw how the men cut down trees and built log houses.

Altogether, it seems that they knew more than children, or even many grown people, do now.

We are very certain of one book which they had. We know this was kept up on the high shelf over the big fireplace. The good mothers got that down and taught the little children the letters, for Mrs. Johnston was not teaching her little school any longer. Then they learned to read from it. They saw their mothers reading it every day. What Book was this?

There were few books for children in the world at that time, and we know of none that these children at this far-away settlement had. John Buchanan's book shows us

what the grown people were willing to do for a higher education.

Andrew Ewin, James Mulherin and James Menees were doing what they could to teach the children a little. James Menees taught a few children in a cabin on Market Street near the fort. Andrew Ewin taught his own boys to write, and he may have taught some of the others. He would set a copy for them. Then the children would write it again and again, until they could make all the letters well. Here is one copy his boys wrote many times:

“Idleness is a mischievous vice.”

But still the fathers and mothers were not satisfied. They talked about the need of a regular schoolmaster.

“These children ought to go to school,” they said.

SCHOOL.

1785-1786.

IN the year 1785 Colonel Robertson went to the General Assembly of North Carolina with his mind made up to get a schoolmaster for these Cumberland stations. While there he met Rev. Thomas B. Craighead. Mr. Craighead was a Presbyterian preacher. He was a graduate of Nassau Hall, Princeton, 1775. He had often wanted to come out into the backwoods to preach the gospel. He had heard that there was no preacher here at all.

So he and Colonel Robertson talked the matter over, and made their plans, and the State made the very law for which they asked.

On the last day of the meeting, December 29, 1785, the act was passed. It was called "an act for the promotion of learning in the county of Davidson."

There was to be a school for the Cumberland settlements called the Davidson Academy. For its use, 240 acres of land was given. The men at the Bluff decided where this land was to be. It was the 240 acres lying just south of that laid off for a town the year before. It is land extending south from Broad Street, and from the river west beyond the N., C. & St. L. Ry. tracks.

A law was made that the academy land should be free from taxes for ninety-nine years. All the money that could be made from it was to be used to pay for the school.

The Rev. Thomas B. Craighead was made President. Some good men were named to be trustees.

It was a glad day at the stations when they heard that Colonel Robertson had returned, bringing with him Mr. Craighead. Now they would have both preacher and teacher. And very happy were these good people to have with them, at last, some one to preach the Word of God.

DAVIDSON ACADEMY.

August 19, 1786, a meeting was held by the men named as trustees for the Davidson Academy. It was decided to open the school that fall.

Mr. Craighead had decided to live at Haysborough. Mr. Hays was a son-in-law of Colonel John Donelson. He had made a station six miles from the Bluff on that trace leading to Mansker's and Bledsoe's Stations.

Here then at Haysborough Mr. Craighead built his home. It was near enough for the boys to come from all the stations. He had a little church built and called it the Spring Hill Meeting House. The Spring Hill Cemetery is still there on the Gallatin Pike.

So it was in the fall of 1786 that the second school began.

Where they got books, or what books were used that first year, is not stated. But we do know for a fact that almost all the children studied Latin. The Historical Society has a list of books used in this school a few years later. These books were bought for the school with the money made by selling corn and renting land. This set of books we may think of as our first public library.

Mr. Craighead taught the school at the Spring Hill Meeting House for about fifteen years.

During that time the boys from the south side of the river crossed by the ferry and walked six miles twice a day (to and from school), making twelve miles a day.

"We were barefooted or moccasined, with linsey pants and hunting shirts." Sometimes they wore shirts of "tow linen." This "tow linen" scratched the skin very much and the boys thought sometimes that that was bad enough

to take the place of some of the whippings Mr. Craighead believed in giving.

They said they took good care of their books; that they ran races to and from school; that the teacher used plenty of switches; that they drove the cows home after school; and that on Saturday they were very happy, when on the old horse's back "astraddle of a bag of corn, going to Buchanan's mill, to catch fish and swim in the pond," and at evening "to bring home the bag of meal and a string of fish."

MONEY TO PAY FOR THE SCHOOL.

To pay for the academy, money was to be gotten in several ways:

1. The 240 acres was to be rented. Much of it was rented for fields. That part of it back of the custom house was called the "South Field" for many years. Timothy Demonbreun rented and afterwards bought that part of it near where Broad Street is and just below the First Baptist Church.

2. A ferry was a money-making affair in those days. So the trustees decided to have one that should belong to Davidson Academy. It was placed at the east end of Broad Street just above our wharf.

3. Four pounds in money, or something worth that much, was to be paid for each boy who went to the school. This was soon raised to five pounds. It could be paid in corn or anything the parents wished.

The trustees were very careful of all the money belonging to the school. The care of the ferry and the renting of all the land gave them much thought. But they were most willing to have the trouble.

MOVED TO NASHVILLE.

In 1798 it was decided to change the place for the school. The stations in Sumner County wanted it. But Nashville wanted it, too, and gave more money for its support. So it was decided that the school should be brought to Nashville. It was to be placed on its own land "on the hill immediately above Nashville and near to the road leading to Buchanan's mill." This was done as soon as the building was finished.

The exact spot where the building was erected can easily be found. The hill where it stood is called College Hill. College Street is on the west and Market Street on the east of the lot. Franklin Street is on the north and Peabody Street on the south.

Davidson Academy was then enlarged and became Cumberland College. Many years afterwards it became the University of Nashville. Then it was that a farm further out was bought and several large buildings erected. The old building on College Hill was used then as the medical department. This has been torn down and the historic lot on the hill "on the road to Buchanan's mill" is now unused.

Several years after the War of the States the handsome stone building further out Market Street was used for the Peabody College for Teachers.

In 1803 the college land was laid off in streets, and lots of one acre each were sold. Thus the 240 acres were used for the benefit of the college.

And it was in this way that the town of South Nashville began.

FIRST STORE.

FALL OF 1786.

URING all this time there had not been a place in all the Cumberland settlements that could be called a store. Whatever they could make for themselves they had. Other things they did without. Now and then some one would go to the Kentucky stations where there was a small store. He would come back with a little sugar or yarn or a kettle or some such simple thing.

But in the fall of 1786 a strange new thing happened.

The city of Philadelphia is in a straight line more than 800 miles from Nashville. But the way by which a road must come made the distance much greater. And all that long way, for weeks and weeks, something had been coming towards the Bluff.

One morning in the fall the people at the ferry saw

coming along the road from Mansker's a few men with ten pack horses.

Mr. Lardner Clarke had come all the long way from Philadelphia and was going to open a store in our little settlement!

When those horses came up from the ferry boat to the gate of the fort there must have been some excitement therein.

Mr. Clarke took one of the log cabins for his store. This stood near the path somewhere between the fort gate and the public square. He soon had his things out ready to sell. Of course, he had brought only what he thought was needed by the hunters, the farmers, the cabin-builders and the housekeepers out here in the backwoods. The finest things he had were some coarse woolen goods, chintz (or calico), and a little unbleached linen.

At that time a little good salt was of more value than silk or satin. If any one wanted to pay with money for what he bought he could do so. But there were only a few pieces of money in all the stations. There was no real use for money. Corn and furs and skins were used instead. People came to the store with all sorts of skins, from that of the "buffalo and the bear to the soft beaver and the rabbit."

What do you suppose Mr. Lardner Clarke did with those skins? What did Gasper Mansker and the French traders do with theirs? Such things were of great value in those days.

Mr. Clarke sent back to Philadelphia once a year to get new things for his store. When other merchants opened stores they did this same way.

NAMES OF STREETS.



SOON after that first store was opened the little dirt road or path, running from the fort up the hill, began to be called Market Street. Of course, there was no such thing as a market anywhere near. Just a few log cabins upon a bluff, surrounded by the vast forest. The bare fact that these people named their little street Market opens to us much of their heart and mind that we should never know otherwise. Mr. Clarke and his men brought more than merchandise to this far-away settlement. What marvelous stories of that strange life led by people in a city! Oh, those busy, exciting city streets! How the men told about walking along this street and that and what they saw and did, until the very names of the streets became part of the wonderful story. The Declaration of Independence, General Washington, and other great men and great events became part of it, too.

These men brought the news of the great outside world. And the intelligent minds of the people received it joyfully. Then in imagination they could see themselves on those marvelous city streets.

The street of which most was said was Market. So their little street became Market Street. I wonder who first spoke of it by that name? Was it in seriousness or in a joking way? I feel sure it was with pride and pleasure.

Gradually the other streets, except two, laid off in the little town received the names of the Philadelphia streets. College was named because it led to the college, and the establishment of this college at that early day is one of the glories of Nashville. The name of High Street came in the following way:

The life of the place always seemed to center around the Sulphur Spring. It was like a park, a common meeting place for all.

They saw from Mr. Molloy's map that a street would go up over the Cedar Knob. As they stood at the spring and looked up, it certainly showed itself to be a high street. And so they named it. It was very dear to them, reminding them of the High Street in Edinburg, Scotland. Thus it was these old names grew out of the heart, the minds, the life of those people—the people who were spending their lives in faithfulness and steadfastness to duty, which made the existence of our city possible. Can names given in such a way have no meaning? Are they not part of Nashville?

Broad Street was not laid off until 1803, when the college lands were divided into lots and sold. This street was then given by the college to the public. South Nashville was for many years after this a separate town.

THE VOLUNTEERS.

JUNE, 1787.



DURING the spring of 1787 there was great trouble with the Indians. Dreadful things took place at every station. It was noticed, and had been noticed for several years before, that Indians after attacking these stations almost always went away in a westerly direction. The Chickasaws, who acted as if faithful friends, lived in that direction. Could it be possible that they were deceiving the Stationers? Was Piomingo, the mountain leader, their brave Chickasaw friend, untrue?

One day two "runners" could have been seen, silently, steadily, swiftly running in Indian fashion along the path from the Chickasaw nation. One of them was Toka. Both were young Chickasaw braves. When nearing Richland Creek they cautiously but boldly turned towards Col. Robertson's house. Important news they brought from their chief. It was news that they themselves had first taken to him, and he, the faithful friend, had sent them in haste to tell Col. Robertson.

While out hunting near a big limestone spring called the Coldwater, Toka said they had found an Indian town. The Chickasaws had before this known nothing of it, and neither had any of the spies or hunters from the Cumberland. The white men tried never to go on Indian land,

and this was on the south side of the Tennessee not far below the Mussel Shoals.

These two young warriors had spent the night there. They were told by the Cherokees and Creeks who lived there that their reason for settling in that place was that from it they could easily reach the Cumberland settlements, and that the wide river between them made it a safe retreat; and that they intended to kill all the Stationers and take everything they had.

This was the news Piomingo sent, and he knew well enough what the Stationers would do.

It was only a few days after Toka brought this news. One hundred and thirty men were gathered together at the treaty grounds. Each man in this company of volunteers had brought his own powder, bullets, dried meat and parched corn. They first marched in to Nashville to bid good-bye to their families and friends. None knew but that it might be the last time they would see each other.

That Indian town at Coldwater must be broken up. To do this was very dangerous, but all felt that it was right. Col. Robertson was in command and Toka and his friend were guides. Hear one little story of their march to Coldwater.

(Adapted.)

At last the on-coming army, hearing the roaring of the rapids, knew that they were near the Mussel Shoals on the Tennessee. They reached the lower end of the Shoals

about noon. Capt. Rains and some of his spies went up the river bank along the broad buffalo path to look for canoes. Other spies took their places in a cave near the water's edge. The army lay back from the river, hid from sight. The spies in the cave saw some rough cabins on the opposite bank, but they heard no crowing of cocks nor barking of dogs. So no Indian families were there.

During the afternoon two Indians were seen coming down to the bank on the other side. From their movements it was plain that they were on the lookout for enemies. Soon they acted as though satisfied that none were near. They waded to an island and, unloosing a canoe, paddled out into the river as though meaning to cross. But when in midstream they plunged out into the water, leaving the boat to itself. After diving and playing about carelessly for a while they caught their canoe and returned in it to the bank. From all this it seemed that they did not know how near the enemy was. But there is no telling what their sharp eyes saw as they carelessly played in the water, pretending to see nothing and showing no sign of fear.

So Col. Robertson decided to lose no time in making the attack upon the town, which was several miles on the other side of the river. He sent for Capt. Rains, who said, "No signs of Indians" and "No boats." At this place the river was spread out nearly a mile wide. That canoe on the other side was needed. It was after sundown. Col. Robertson called for volunteers to swim over and get it.

“Joshua Thomas offered his services if any one would go with him. At that instant a plunge was heard in the water, and the Colonel asked: ‘Who is that?’ ‘Edmund Jennings,’ was the reply of a by-stander.

“He and Thomas always went together to hunt or scout, and when the latter said he would swim across, Jennings just plunged in without waiting for words.” Thomas followed and they went off in the darkness.

When telling about it afterwards Thomas said he became “bothered” in the darkness and swam a long time without making any headway. “But,” he said, “I finely tuck a stair to course by and landed on the other side.”

You will some day see a beautiful meaning in that, one of which Joshua Thomas probably never thought. In the darkness and deep waters he took a star “to course by” and so “landed on the other side!”

Within nineteen days the party returned. They had won in a battle with the Indians and none of Robertson’s men had been killed. They had been very kind to the women and children of Coldwater. The two young Chickasaw guides were sent home with presents that delighted them.

This attack kept the Indians quiet for a while.

Fair as Eden dared to be,
Know this land where memory lingers,
Land of Tennessee?—*Rufus McLean Fields.*

THE COMING OF ANDREW JACKSON.

1788.



COLONEL ROBERTSON had the following notice published in North Carolina on November 28, 1788:

“Notice is hereby given that the new road from Campbell’s Station to Nashville was opened on the 25th of September, and the guard attended at that time to escort such persons as were ready to proceed to Nashville; that about sixty families went on, amongst whom were the widow and the family of the late General Davidson and John McNairy, Judge of the Superior Court.”

Now with Judge McNairy were several young lawyers. One was a “tall young man,” of whom we have often heard. Little did that company know what his coming would mean to our country. For his name was Andrew Jackson! He, as well as the Judge, had in his saddle bag a paper showing that he was appointed by North Carolina to an important work in the new country west of the mountains. He was to be the State’s lawyer for this western district!

He had studied law with Judge McNairy over in Salisbury. Years after this, when he was thinking of himself in that early time, he said with a smile on his aged face:

“Yes, I was but a raw lad then, but I did my best.”

And that was the reason he succeeded throughout the troubled times that came in his long life. He did his best.

But let us go back to his first coming to Nashville. The large party reached Nashville in safety, and young Jackson was soon settled in a comfortable home.

A large log house had been built near the corner of Market Street and the Public Lott. It was in the block between Market and College, Union and the Square.

In this log house lived Mrs. John Donelson. Col. Donelson had brought his family back to the Bluff in 1785. Andrew Jackson lived at Mrs. Donelson's for several years. It was there that he met Rachel, whom he afterwards married.

He became a great favorite at the stations. He was the kind of man the older settlers knew they could trust. He did well whatever he saw to be his duty. He saw quickly what that duty was, and he was brave and true.

He had been here only a short time when there was a fight with the Indians. The Indians had attacked the men working in Col. Robertson's field. A party was sent out against them. When the call came he volunteered quickly with the rest. He was only a private soldier then, but "bold, dashing and fearless," as he was always in after life.

This was the first Indian fight in which this "great captain" of after days is known to have engaged.

A new district of North Carolina was laid off, composed of Davidson, Sumner and Tennessee Counties, i. e., all of Middle Tennessee.

It was called Mero District in honor of Governor Mero of New Orleans. He had shown many favors to the Cumberland trading boats and the freight carried to Natchez and New Orleans.

This name was given to show that the Cumberland people appreciated these favors.

THE FIRST BRIDGE.

1789



THE Sulphur Spring Bottom continued to be a most important place in this settlement. The constant passing between Freeland's and Nashville and the importance of the Salt Lick made it a general meeting place for all. Even sixty years after this it was used almost like a park by the people of Nashville.

In the earliest times large trees were felled across the branch in several places above the spring. These were used as bridges or foot-logs until the backwaters came and carried them away.

During the frequent high waters some people crossed in boats. Others went around through the canebrakes at the head of the backwater. This was far out of their way toward the west and there was more danger from Indians. Many were waylaid and killed out there. Still, it is true that many had been scalped or killed at the usual crossings

In 1789 the court decided to destroy the cane in the bottom, as it was a good hiding place for Indians, and to make a bridge across the branch. The Justices laid a tax on the people this year "for the support of the guard and to build a bridge across the French Lick Branch below the town of Nashville."

But the need of a larger number of soldiers to act as guards caused them to change the law about the bridge so that all the money, or what they used as money, could be used for the soldiers.

However, a few years later a good stone bridge was built across the branch near its mouth. It was heavily weighted down with stones, so that it would not be carried away by the waters.

When there was no backwater people still went along the usual path by the Sulphur Spring. But they always felt a little pride in their stone bridge.

THE SALT WORKS.

1790.



F all the many sulphur licks, our sulphur spring alone received the name of the "Salt Works."

"Kettles of various shapes and sizes were brought from the Holston settlements and a furnace was erected in the low grounds near these favorite waters."

In June, 1790, the Salt Works were leased to Capt.

Anthony Hart. He promised "the full quantity of six hundred pounds weight of good, dry salt for four weeks' use of the works, provided that if furnaces burn down or the arches break," he was not to pay the full amount.

On the 27th day of the month the contract is credited by 150 pounds of salt for the rent of the kettles for the first month. We suppose he made the salt here. Other quantities are credited upon the lease. This paper is now owned by the Historical Society.

There certainly is not as much salt in the water now as there was in the early days.

The following story explains this:

Some one thought of a plan by which it was hoped more salt could be gotten from the works. In 1790 they decided to try this plan. Tools were brought from New Orleans and a hole was bored through the solid rock under the spring. It was thought that a fine layer of salt or salty rock would be found.

However, it was not found. After this, the water lost much of its salty flavor. The strong sulphur water, as it is now, is pumped from that well, which is one hundred and sixty feet deep.

In 1790 North Carolina gave the land which is now Tennessee to the United States. It then was made a Territory.

FEBRUARY, 1791.

President Washington made Col. James Robertson a Brigadier General.

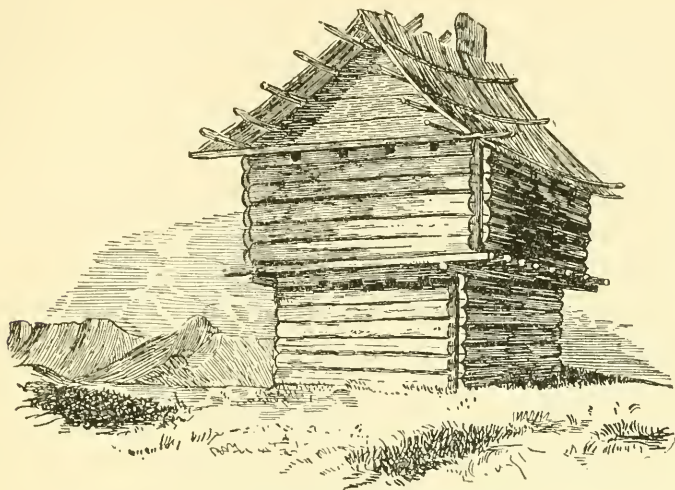
1792.

Another meeting with the Chickasaws and Choctaws was held on the treaty grounds. It was called the peace treaty. It took place August 10, 1792. They went home delighted with the treaty and their stay here.

But Coteatoy, a young Creek chief, helped to make much trouble by telling an untruth. He had come, although not invited. He and a few others had been here just before the treaty, prying around, and the Stationers had been very polite to them. But Coteatoy went home and told his nation that Gen. Robertson said that he was coming to kill them all. Coteatoy added: "We had better go to meet him." The old chiefs, The Glass of Nicko-jack, John Watts and Eskaquia, sent word to Gov. Blount that they had quieted their young men and that there would be no trouble. At that very time the Cherokees and Creeks of the lower towns were having their scalp dances, which meant war. But the Cumberland people knew nothing of this. It was not long, however, before they found out about it.

NOTE—Location of Buchanan's Station.

On Mill Creek at the place where the Lebanon branch of the N., C. & St. L. Railway crosses the creek. It was in a bend of the creek just north of the railroad. The Chicken Pike crosses the creek at this place.



THE RIDLEY BLOCKHOUSE.

MIDNIGHT ATTACK ON BUCHANAN'S STATION.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1792.



EARLY in September two men came to Buchanan's Station. One was a half-breed Cherokee and the other a French trader. They were friends of Maj. Buchanan. They told him that more than six hundred Cherokees and Creeks had crossed the Tennessee River and were coming to attack the Cumberland stations.

Immediately volunteers were called out. In a short time more than three hundred men from the different stations came into camp at Rains' Big Spring. Abraham Castleman, "one of the truest and most daring of the

spies," was sent out. He went around through the forest and made his way past the big spring where Murfreesboro is now. There he knew The Black Fox, an old friendly Indian, had his camp. These Indians had been hunting in that neighborhood for some time.

Finding the camp deserted by The Black Fox and all his people, he knew something unusual was going on. He then went on as far as the Indian war trace, about fifty or sixty miles from Nashville. He found the fresh trail of a large body of savages.

He hastened home and reported these signs of great danger. But, as the Indians did not appear, Capt. Rains and Kennedy were sent out over the same country. On Friday, September 28, they came back. Rains reported no signs of Indians, but Kennedy was uncertain.

Upon that the soldiers broke up the camp, being anxious to get back to their homes. On Sunday morning two other spies, Gee and Seward Clayton, went out.

Now, the fact that his report was doubted hurt old Castleman. He quietly "cleaned his gun, the faithful Betsy, picked his flint, filled his powder horn afresh and run an extra number of bullets," and went over to Buchanan's Station. At all the stations a strict "lookout" was kept.

Thus matters stood on Sunday, September 30, 1792.

The woods around Buchanan's Station had been cleared of all underbrush. That night when the moon arose in a clear sky and looked down brightly on the tree

tops, the watchers inside the blockhouse could easily see the approach of friend or foe.

It was about eleven o'clock. An old cow suddenly raised her head and lowed softly. Inside her log cabin, Mrs. Sally Buchanan heard that soft, anxious low. Wide awake then, she listened. The cattle became more restless. Up jumped Mrs. Buchanan. She ran to the fireplace. Mrs. Shane was in a moment by her side. They began getting ready to mould bullets. By this time the cattle were running up and down and lowing loudly all the while.

A shot was heard—then the second shot! They came from the lookout in the two blockhouses. The first shot came from the gun of the faithful John McCrory. Maj. Buchanan and his little band of fifteen or twenty men ran instantly to their places. No one took any time to dress. A man was sent over to Rains Station and to the Bluff to give warning.

A large crowd of Indians now rushed in to attack the fort. There were certainly three hundred, or even more. The leader, Chiatchattalla, the young Creek chief, with a flaming torch in hand ran quickly to the wall to set fire to the fort. Some say he climbed up on the roof of a cabin. The others yelled like demons, ran about, and having good guns and plenty of powder they fired constantly, aiming at the port holes. But the firing from the port holes was steady and the aim more easily taken.

Chiatchattalla was shot. Even then he put the torch to the logs near the ground where he lay. With his last

breath he was seen trying to start a fire by blowing at the little blaze.

Many others were shot. The Indians soon took refuge in an open cellar a short distance off. From there they continued firing. But if one showed himself he was sure to receive a shot from the port holes.

Maj. Buchanan had reason to believe that a large party of Indians were waiting back in the woods. Could his little fort with his few men hold out against that great number? The station was truly in unusual danger.

But let us go inside the stockade. There we shall surely catch the spirit of calmness, fearlessness, prompt action and bravery that made itself felt to the furthest corner.

Mrs. Sally Buchanan stands for a few moments beside her husband. She is strong, cheerful, brave and daring, with the helpful spirit of a true hero. She hears her husband give an order. She moves quickly about, seeing that the order is obeyed. She has moulded bullets and set the other women to work moulding them and clipping them off. She passes them, with plenty of powder, around to the men at the port holes, giving to each man a word of cheer and encouragement.

No man dares shirk or show fear with such a person as Mrs. Buchanan near by. One she found in hiding. But, at a word from her, he was back in his place. She had hunted with her husband and killed her buffalo and bear. What wonder that she stops now and then at a port

hole and with her rifle takes a shot at those yelling savages?

All the while such a dreadful noise was to be heard! The white men calling tauntingly to the savages, the awful war whoops of the Indians, the noises of the dogs and the horses and the cattle, and the many guns firing at once.

But Sally Buchanan remained clear-headed, cheerful and helpful in spite of all.

Suddenly it seemed that a cannon was fired from one of the port holes. It might have been a six-pounder. It startled the whites and terrified the Indians. Now there was no cannon at this station.

While the battle was at the hottest Jimmy O'Connor, a zealous Irishman, had asked the Major if he might use the long pistol. This had been used by the Major's mother and was usually kept under the old lady's pillow. This famous old rifle was known as "My Grandmammy's Pocket Piece." Soon Jimmy had it and was at the top of a ladder; and sticking it through a port hole he pulled the trigger. Thinking he had surely shot an Indian, he went for another load. This "pocket piece" needed more powder for one shot than rifles usually did. Jimmy repeated this four times, loading and pulling the trigger, and thinking each time he had shot an Indian.

The fifth time the old blunderbuss at last did go off, and it went with the sound of a cannon. At the same time it kicked Jimmy O'Connor backwards. He fell from the

top of the ladder, eight feet high, to the floor. No sooner was he on the floor than he jumped to his feet, bruised as he was, and ran to the Major to report the success of his five shots!

About the time when the Indians retreated to the open cellar Anthony Fisher and John Rains came running up from Rains' Station. They were let into the stockade on the opposite side from the Indians and received joyfully.

The "little swivel" on the fort at Nashville was heard firing signal after signal. This frightened the Indians terribly. Little by little their firing ceased as they slipped away.

The fight had lasted about an hour and a half. Only one white man had been wounded, and that slightly, by a splinter. None were killed. The next morning at day-break Maj. Buchanan led some of his men out in pursuit. He was fired upon from a cedar glade near by. Soon that firing ceased and a little later the spies reported that all the Indians had gone.

Gen. Robertson and Capt. Rains felt much distressed about their distrust of Castleman. They begged his pardon and did everything that brave people do when they find that they have been in the wrong.

A large force was sent in pursuit of the Indians. It was found that there must have been more than six hundred near Buchanan's Station that night. Seeing that

the Indians did not intend to come back, the soldiers returned to the settlement.

Nearly twenty years afterward, John Carr, one of the bravest of our pioneers, met a half-breed Cherokee who was present at the attack on the station that Sunday night.

Part of the following story of the Indians' side was then for the first time learned:

John Watts was head chief and leader of the Cherokees. Chiatchattalla was the young leader of the Creeks. When the Indians came within hearing of the lowing of the cattle, a dispute arose between the chiefs as to whether Nashville or Buchanan's Station should be attacked. Watts wanted to go on to the Bluff and said, "That little fort we can take as we return."

The other chief said Watts was a coward and that he would take this fort by himself; that he had burned one of their forts and that he could burn another. So Watts said, "Go ahead and take it; I will look on."

Chiatchattalla, as we have seen, was killed in the beginning of the fight fearlessly trying to set fire to the fort. His body was the only one left on the field. It was so near the walls that his friends could not get it.

John Watts was painfully wounded in the hip and was carried down behind the spring house. There they made a litter of blankets and he was carried safely away. He lived for many years after this. A great many Indians were killed or wounded, for it could be seen where they had been dragged away. There were many new

graves in the Indian burial place near the foot of Todd's Knob.

Guns, swords, tomahawks, blankets and other things were found on the ground near the station where they had been dropped.

Now Gee and Clayton, who had gone out as spies that Sunday morning, had never returned. The Cherokee told John Carr that he had heard them calling to one another, seeming to be separated and unable to get together. He called out in English to "meet half way." When they came near enough both were killed.

On the morning after the attack a handkerchief belonging to Gee and a moccasin belonging to Clayton were found with the things left by the Indians. It was then known that they had been killed.

This attack on Buchanan's Station was of great importance in the history of the Indian War.

THE FATE OF THE LITTLE SWIVEL.

1793.

How proud we should be of the "little swivel" if we had it in Nashville today! But we must content ourselves with knowing what became of the "little piece," as Gen. Robertson called it.

The Chickasaws had sent word that their enemies, the Creeks and Cherokees, were at open war with them, and that they were in need of food and guns. So at the Bluff

a boat was loaded with corn and the little cannon placed on board. Jonathan Robertson was in command and down the river went the boat with its precious load. It reached the Chickasaw Bluffs in safety. The Indians were proud indeed of the "little piece."

So there we must leave it—still doing its best for us in helping old Piomingo.

Daniel Smith, Thomas Molloy and James Mulherin were in this year appointed to resurvey the land laid off for the town of Nashville, the academy land and the public land belonging to John McNairy near the French Lick.

A BRAVE MOTHER.

MAY, 1793.

(Adapted.)



THE Dunham family were living in their own house six miles west of Nashville. The place is now just across the pike from Belle Meade.

Mrs. Dunham was one day sitting quietly at work in the cabin. She could hear her children's sweet voices as they played about in the yard. The youngest was a little girl six years of age. Suddenly she heard the children scream. Rushing to the door, she saw them running toward the house, and several Indians were after them. The older children darted by her into the door, but

when only a few yards from the door she saw a big Indian catch her little daughter.

There were no men at home. Quick as a flash she seized a hoe, which was standing against the house. She rushed at the Indian with the hoe uplifted. He let go the child, who ran into the house. Before he had time to seize the mother she turned and ran also. The Indian followed closely. He pushed his gun into the opening before the door could be shut. But she slammed the door and caught the gun between it and the door post.

Now which was the stronger? Alas, she knew her strength would be as nothing against those Indians. But the brave mother with a clear mind and a steady voice called out as if there were men in the house: "Come with your guns! Bring me a gun!"

The Indians seemed to understand enough English to know what she said. They left the gun where it was and she could hear them running into the forest.

Quickly she pulled the gun inside and barred the door.

She expected the Indians back any minute. Would they break in the door? Would they burn the house? Or would they lie in wait for her husband and sons and kill them as they returned to their home? Those were long hours of terror to her and her little children.

But just as the sun went down she heard a whistle and a low call. Oh, how she ran to the door, unbarred it, threw it open and rushed out to meet her husband and her two

big boys! How happy they were! And how proud they all were of the brave mother!

The Indians had begun to feel that they did not care to kill little children any more. But they wanted to take them as prisoners. Then they could either sell them back to their parents and friends or make them work for the squaws, in their dirty villages. That was a dreadful life for the children.

One day Mrs. Dunham's little boy, Dan, was out playing with some larger boys. They were having such a fine time that they forgot any danger and wandered a short way out of range of guns from the Dunham fort. They were playing under a big hickory-nut tree. Now some savages, prowling about, saw these little boys and wanted them as captives.

Softly they put down their guns. Creeping on their hands and knees, they came close to the children. As they arose to spring upon them, the boys saw them. They gave a cry of alarm and started to run to the fort.

Dan, being the youngest and smallest, was soon behind the others. Just as he came near the range of the guns from the fort, a big Indian caught him and held him tightly by the arm. Then he began to yell and to kick and to wriggle.

All of a sudden he felt himself slipping loose from the awful grip of that big hand. Soon he felt himself free

and instantly he began to run. He ran like a frightened fawn, as fast as his little legs could carry him.

He did not stop to see what had happened. But he heard the Indians making funny sounds. They were laughing with all their might.

When he got home to his father and mother, he found that he had left his little flannel hunting shirt behind him in the big Indian's hand. He had wriggled and kicked himself out of it.

The Indians thought this so funny that they did not shoot him. They stopped, held up his little coat and laughed as they saw his little legs carrying him as fast as wings across the grass.

They must have thought that he had won his freedom and his life.

THE ATTACK ON NICKOJACK.



GEN. ROBERTSON knew how to manage Indian affairs much better than people off at a distance could know. He had tried in every way to end the trouble with the savages. His kindness had early won the Chickasaws and most of the Choctaws. But the Spanish down on the Gulf had kept the other tribes his enemies. Only once had he gone off of the land belonging to the white people to fight the Indians. That was at Coldwater. He had tried by kindness to make them understand that they, too, must stay on their own land.

But in the year 1794 their cruelty was worse than it

had ever been. It was a sad, sad time. It had to be stopped, and there was only one way to do it.

A large band of bad Indians—Cherokees and Creeks—lived at the Lower Towns, Nickojack and Running Water, on the Tennessee River. They thought themselves safe from any attack on account of the mountains and the river.

Gen. Robertson called together a large number of soldiers. The soldiers crept up the mountain paths and surprised the Indians. In the battle that followed many chiefs and braves were killed.

These were the Indians who had been killing so many people in the Cumberland country and who had caused so much suffering in other ways.

This attack made those Indians willing to make peace with the Cumberland people.

LITTLE BOY STORIES.

THE VISIT.—JANUARY, 1795.



It was a bright, cold Saturday in January. "Come on; there's going to be fun," cried one of the boys. "We must get there before they do." Off the six horses galloped at break-neck speed, a boy on each riding bare-back, with a bag of meal behind him. They had carried the corn out to Buchanan's Mill the day before and on this day they had come early for the meal.

Maj. Buchanan laughed as he stood at the mill door, watching the wild race begin. He did not go over to get on his own horse until the last hoof-beat and last boyish shout was heard off in the forest. Then he followed, not at a slow pace, either, along the path that led through the academy land, down the hill and up to the Bluff.

He was proud of the boys. He knew them all well; for almost from the time they were babies they had come to his mill. And as they grew older and had gone to school over at the Spring Hill School House, they had come to his mill on Saturdays. They swam and fished in the creek all day and went home at night with a bag of meal and a string of fish.

Oh, yes, he knew those boys. He had had his part, too, in their training, as well as Mr. Craighead. Every man in the settlement had in his own way helped in making them what they were. And a fine, strong, honest set of boys they were!

By the time the Major hitched his horse to a post on the Public Lott the boys had come and gone; for there were their six horses hitched at the different places and the meal bags stacked up in front of Demonbreun's stone tavern.

"I told the boys they had better walk. We'll have to keep our eyes on these good horses of ours," Mr. Cockrell said, with a twinkle in his eye.

"And I want to know what the cause of this visit is,

anyhow," said Mr. Andrew Ewin, as he leaned his chair back against the wall and took out his pipe.

"Friendliness, gentlemen, just friendliness," said Demonbreun, shrugging his shoulders and spreading out both hands with the palms upward in his own French way.

"I trust the Mountain Leader and Colbert and their men, but while you are watching the horses keep your other eye on some of those rascals hanging around on the outskirts of the crowd," said John Rains.

"Dot iss vot I say, too," exclaimed old Mr. Mansker. And everybody laughed, for one of the great jokes at the stations was that Gasper Mansker could see two ways at once with his queer, sharp eyes. The old man laughed, too, when he saw what he had said.

Castleman sat quietly smoking, with his gun leaning against the wall by his side. Major Buchanan arose, knocked the ashes out of his pipe and went down to the blockhouse. Here he and several others spent some time examining the three cannon and the supply of powder and bullets kept there.

There was quite a crowd of people in town that day—more than usual even for Saturday. McGavock's Ferry, below the mouth of Lick Branch, and the Academy Ferry, just a little way up the river above the fort, were busy crossing to and fro, bringing people from the other side of the river. Horsemen by twos and threes came in from the clearings on this side. Often there would be a woman

or a child riding behind. Many of them brought a bag of meat, or meal or corn. Some stopped at the taverns on the Square, some at Demonbreun's and some at Black Bobb's tavern. The bags were very important. They were stacked up in front of the taverns or carried in very carefully. Horses were hitched at every hitching place on the Square and down Market Street; and many were hitched to saplings and low branches of the trees.

There was not so large a crowd of men as we might expect, for many had gone off where the boys were. But there were more women and children than usual. Some of them took this chance to step in and see what Mr. Lardner Clarke had in his store. They lived perhaps at a cabin in a clearing several miles away and did not get to town often.

I can see the little boys and girls staring about. They had heard about "town" and this was it. They seemed to think, "I'm going to see all I can, but I'd better hold on to my mother."

There were to be other things to stare at before they would all get home.

The day before more than one hundred Chickasaws had come to pay Gen. Robertson a visit. He knew they were coming and had everything ready so that they might have plenty to eat.

The Indians had spent the night in the woods around the General's house and at the treaty grounds. The Gen-

eral's friends in town had invited them to come in and spend a few days. So the whole crowd was coming this Saturday morning.

The boys ran nearly the whole way down to the Sulphur Spring Bottom on the road towards the Judge's Spring and out the old buffalo path. They met the General with Piomingo and Colbert riding solemnly in on horseback. Back of them came many Indians walking, and back of them were the women and children. The boys turned and walked along after the warriors. It would not have been polite to walk before them.

At last they reached Nashville. The women and children stayed back by themselves. They sat down on the ground towards the west near where the path led into the Public Square. Their faces were all turned towards the Square, for they did not intend to miss a single sight.

Soon the men were sitting in a big circle on the Square, all smoking comfortably. Most of them could understand English. But their linguister was a white man who had gone to live with the Indians. So there was no trouble about that.

They had brought Gen. Robertson a present of five scalps of his, and their own, enemies—the Creeks. They said these Creeks were on the way to kill some of the Cumberland people; and that they—the Chickasaws—had killed them and brought the scalps to show their own friendliness to the whites.

Piomingo and Colbert had come to ask help from Gen. Robertson. The Creeks and Cherokees were at open war with the Chickasaws and were coming against them with several thousand warriors. Gen. Robertson promised all the help he could give and also said he would try to get help from the President.

After the "talk" was over a horn sounded loud and clear. All the Indians in town went to see what it meant. They found that supper was ready. Now to feed all those Indians was a hard task. But all those bags of meal and corn and meat had been brought into town for that purpose, and there was plenty for all.

Every kitchen chimney had been smoking and every good old negro cook had been busy about the big fireplace, and all the little negroes had been running around waiting upon them all the afternoon.

Now, supper was over; the horses, too, had been fed by the time the early darkness of winter came. Three of the chiefs and their families stayed in homes of the white people. The latter left their cabins and went to a tavern to stay during the visit. Most of the Indians made their camp over in the Sulphur Spring Bottom to be near the branch; but some stayed on the land west of the Square. There were then no houses out that way.

There were watchful eyes among the old hunters and spies all that night and several nights afterwards. And, no doubt, the Indians kept watch, too, quiet as it seemed.

But next morning everything was astir early—Sunday morning it was, too. The Indians felt more at home, so they began walking around to see the place. And then the trouble began.

Of course, nothing must happen to make them angry. But Indians were not very clean people; and to have more than a hundred about, even for a few days, was not so pleasant. They did not mean to be rude; indeed, they were trying to be very friendly.

They wanted to see how the white people lived and how they used all those curious things in their houses. They walked into the taverns and even into the homes of the people. They picked up anything they did not understand, or pointed at it; and they had to be told what it was, and they had to see how it was used.

To them the little town was certainly queer and interesting. The old stockade and the blockhouse had a few standing around them nearly all the time.

The jail was a log house standing in the Public Square towards the eastern side. It had a high stockade fence all around it. The stocks were on the southern side of the courthouse. They soon learned the use of both of these and moved uneasily away.

The white people had wondered what could be done to entertain their guests on a Sunday morning. But the Indians were deciding that themselves. And the Indians found that when a horn sounded it meant something to eat for them. Sometimes the sound would come from Mar-

ket Street and they went down there. Then it came from the Square and they went over there.

About ten o'clock the sound of wheels and horses' hoofs made every eye look that way. Two carriages drawn by beautiful horses came rapidly into the Square, along the road from the Sulphur Spring Bottom. They swung around and stopped in front of Major Lewis' big frame house on the north side of the Square.

Molle-Tulla, the tall wife of Piomingo, and Jacsie Moniac, Colbert's wife, followed the carriage closely and stood in open-eyed wonder. They were dressed in their best. They had on beautiful moccasins and fringed leather leggins with bells up the side. A gay Indian blanket was wrapped around their shoulders and their long hair was braided and hung down from their backs.

But what was this? A little negro boy jumped down from his seat by the old negro driver and opened the carriage door. Some ladies stepped out from the carriages. They were dressed in their best clothes this Sunday morning. Smiling and bowing to the Indians, they went inside the house. Molle-Tulla and Jacsie went, too, one with her baby in her arms and the other with her little child toddling by her side. Nothing could make the Indians sit down on the chairs offered them. They stood by the door gazing at the ladies—at their faces and at their clothes. It was so wonderful to them. Never before had they seen anybody dressed that way.

One of the ladies took her bonnet off in order to smooth her hair. Jacsie stepped over and put it on her own head, looking very much pleased. Now the owner felt that she did not want that bonnet herself any longer, so she was just about to give it to Jacsie, when one of the other ladies said, "Don't. If you do we shall have to give bonnets to every Indian woman here." But I think Jacsie got that bonnet.

Just then a horn with a different sound from the others startled Jacsie and Molle-Tulla, and out they walked to see what it meant.

A man was standing in the courthouse door, blowing a horn. Something about him, with his strong Scotch face and his clear grey eyes, seemed to draw people to him. That was the Rev. Thomas B. Craighead. He had come from his home at the Spring Hill, after locking up the little meeting house there, to have church in the courthouse, as he often did on a Sabbath day.

White people and Indians now crowded into the little house and under the lean-to and at every door and window. Little did the Indians understand of what he said. But they saw that he was in earnest, that he was telling them something very solemn, so they scarcely took their eyes off him throughout the long two hours.

In the afternoon some one wanted to have some races and games, but Mr. Craighead said, "No, it is the Sabbath day."

But the Indians had a very pleasant afternoon. While Mr. Craighead held another service, and many of them went to that, the others went through every house in the village. It was more to them than going to the fair to us.

Monday morning the boys did not go to school. Mr. Craighead even came into town with some of the people who lived out that way. He always crossed at the Academy Ferry, so on his way to the Square he had to ride up Market Street.

Mr. Lardner Clarke and two others who had stores were standing at their doors. They bowed in answer to Mr. Craighead's stately greeting; and when he motioned up towards the Square, they shook their heads smilingly. The stores, not having been open on Sunday, were now places of great interest to the Indians. They wanted the things they saw. Mr. Clarke and the others tried to be very pleasant so as to keep them in a good humor, and at the same time not to give away everything they had.

It was on the square towards the north side that the crowd had gathered. Ladies were sitting at every window of Major Lewis' two-storied frame house. This place afterwards became the Nashville Inn. The windows of Talbot's Tavern on the east side and a small frame house near it were also crowded with white people. Some boys were up in the trees, so as to see better what was going on.

Piomingo and Colbert were very proud of their young men—their strong young Chickasaw braves—just as General Robertson and the others were proud of their young men. The Indians wanted to show off, and at the same time do something to show their kindly feeling for the fine way in which they had been entertained.

So on the road running in front of the tavern they began. First, they had several ball games. They had their own way of playing games. These were watched with great interest and with much clapping and cheering at a good play!

Then they had some high jumping and then some foot races. They would start on the east side, near the front of the little frame house, and run to the goal over towards the Cedar Knob. After several races the Indians stood back and asked that some of the young white braves run a race. The white men had no idea of running against the Indians, as some trouble might come from it. But if the Indians wanted to see them race with one another it was only polite for them to do it.

A tall, straight, slender man strode out of the crowd, and by a wave of his cane picked out five young men. Without stopping a moment, they had thrown off part of their clothes and were standing at the line made by the same cane.

Each young man had his eyes on that firm, tall man, as did every human being present. He seemed to command just by a glance from those grey eyes of his. Not

a sound was heard, when suddenly that wonderful voice called the start. Instantly off went the young men as though on the wings of the wind.

Judge McNairy, Mr. Craighead and Gasper Mansker stood at the goal, away over towards the Knob.

Who was the fine young fellow who had stood near the middle of the line? You could guess if you had watched John's mother as they started; if you had seen how she caught her breath, raised one hand and leaning forward gazed eagerly towards the goal.

It was John—this young man eighteen years old! John had never failed his mother in trying at all times to do the best he could. Mr. Craighead could tell how well he knew that Latin and Greek; the old hunters knew that he could do everything they could, and just as well, too; and his mother knew him at home, which was best of all.

It was almost an even race, for the boys were well matched. Many a race had they had together going to and from school; many a time while growing up together had they tried each other's strength in different ways!

This time after the third run the judges reported—Best two out of three—John!

Then when the five came running back to the starting place the tall man said, "Well done, young men." But he shook hands with the winner, as the crowd knew he would do.

Their eyes met with the same straight, fearless look. And the next moment John looked over at his mother and

smiled. He was glad when he saw her answering smile; and he was glad, too, to shake hands with Andrew Jackson!

But to return to the Indians. They were delighted at the way the white people enjoyed their races and ball games. They were proud of themselves. After a big dinner, they decided to start for home. But on the way they stopped at Gen. Robertson's and spent the night.

Then on they went, out the Mail Road, part of the Natchez Trace, past Joslin's, on down to the Chickasaw Nation.

1795.

We are interested to know that in May following this visit Colonel John Mansker took a company of volunteer soldiers to help Piomingo fight against the Creeks. There was a battle in which the Chickasaws won, and this ended that war.

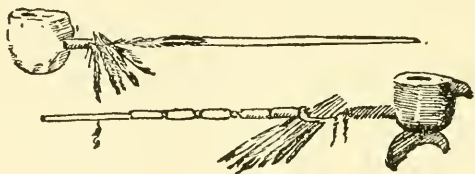
But in April Gen. Robertson had sent by boat to the Chickasaws powder, lead, vermilion and corn, besides five hundred stands of arms.

In July he sent a large supply of the same kind of things and with them some farming tools.

We are also interested to know that the second thing Andrew Jackson did, when he appeared in Congress December, 1796, was to ask that these supplies be paid for by the United States. He showed how in the treaties the Chickasaws and the Governor of the Territory had promised to help each other.

It was right, of course, to keep their word, so Congress paid for all the supplies sent.

Near the end of the year 1795 peace was declared with the Cherokees and Creeks. There was no more trouble from the Indians in the Cumberland country.



PEACE PIPE.

Tennessee was made a State June 1, 1796.

Here are three more dates to remember:

Oct. 6, 1783

1790

June 1, 1796

Through long years of trouble, when starvation or the horrible death from an Indian tomahawk faced them day and night, these brave, true-hearted people had come.

And so far on its way had grown our

“Little town in the cedars at the Bluff.”

THE END.

ADDENDA.

TIMOTHÉ DE MONBREUN.

1760.



WE never tire of hearing about Timothe De Monbreun. Of the few Frenchmen who came here in those early times he was the only one who stayed. He made his home here for over forty years. He was born in France in 1731 and died in Nashville in 1826.

He came to Canada with the French army. After the French lost the battle of Quebec he came down into the Illinois country and lived at Kaskaskia. This was in 1760.

Like the other hardy young voyageurs, he was eager always to go still further into the wild new country. He found a few other men who liked to do this, too, and together they started out. His boat was a much better boat than Gasper Mansker could ever have made out in the woods. Charles Charville, then an old man, told him of the wonderful place far up on the Shauvenon where he could find good trading with the Indians.

At last he found the Big Salt Lick. He knew it was the place he sought, for there was the old stock-fort and the mound. De Monbreun soon had a boat load of buffalo skins and furs; and the Indians were glad to get the guns and bright colored cloth and beads. He went back and

forth between Kaskaskia and the Salt Lick many times during the years that followed.

One winter he and his wife came up to the Big Salt Lick and made their home in the neighborhood. They lived in a cave on the bluff of the river. This cave was between the mouth of Stone's River and Mill Creek. It was on the right bank going up the river.

Like Robinson Crusoe, he used a ladder. This he drew up after him when he went to his cave. In that cave his little boy was born and lived there all that first winter of his life. Was it not a queer home for a tiny baby?

During the summer of 1775 De Monbreun made his camp on the bluff where Eaton's Station was afterwards built. He said no Indians came that summer, fall or winter, but that the largest herds of buffalo and other game that he had ever seen came to the Lick.

In the spring of 1776 he went down to New Orleans with his tallow and hides. His kinsman, the Governor of Florida, gave him the right to hunt on the Arkansas River. But the Indians, knowing nothing and caring less for the Governor of Florida, troubled him very much. So back he came to the Shauvenon.

1777. In the fall of this year he concluded to go up on the Wabash to Vincennes. He left his camp on the bluff, near Lock No. 1, in the care of one of his men. The man was to join him the next spring at the mouth of the Shauvenon.

This hunter joined him at Vincennes very much sooner than was expected. We can find the reason in the story of Thomas Sharpe Spencer.

Before 1779 De Monbreun had only come up the Shauvenon to trade and to hunt. He did not seem to be thinking of making his real home here. But when he found the English-speaking people building their houses and getting ready to stay, and when he found that he liked them, he decided to make his home with them. He is the only Frenchman of whom we hear much in the midst of those English-speaking people who were the earliest settlers at Nashville.

He won the respect of all. He was an intimate friend of Col. Robertson. His influence was felt in many ways, for he did much to help the whole settlement.

In the earliest and darkest times of the Indian troubles, he went out among the Indians carrying messages of friendship from the Stationers. In that way he gave help that could have been given by no one else here. The Indians knew him well as a trader. His manner pleased them. He knew how to meet them and to stay friendly with them.

The Scotch Nash-"borough" was changed to the French Nash-"ville." We wonder if he had anything to do with this change.

Of the history of his family in France and of his com-

ing to Canada, not much is known. But he certainly was of the better class of French gentlemen.

After life began to get easier and safer here at Nashville he was one of the first to lay aside the hunting shirt and leggins. Then it was that M. De Monbreun dressed as was the custom of the gentlemen in France. He wore knee breeches with bright buckles, and black stockings, and his white shirt was ruffled.

He always kept in his home the sword he had used at Quebec, and he wore his large gold watch which he had brought from France. In 1796 the three sons of the Duke of Orleans passed through Nashville. The oldest of these young men afterwards became Louis Phillippe, King of France. Here their party took small boats and went down to New Orleans.

The joy of Timothe De Monbreun knew no bounds when these young men arrived. He talked rapidly and happily with them in his own language. He heard much about his beloved France and all the wonderful events that had been taking place there during the recent years. He showed them his watch and his sword which he had used at Quebec. He wore then with even greater pleasure than usual his white shirt, his knee breeches and his silver buckles.

When the little town began to grow and houses were built outside the stockade, De Monbreun's storehouse was one of the first built. It was a log cabin for storing hides

and furs. He afterwards built a stone storehouse near the Square.

He had a dwelling house in the early times on the hillside where the Nashville Female Academy used to be. This was on Church Street near the east end of the viaduct. A grove of fine old forest trees covered all that hillside. The house in which he last lived and where he died is called his farm house. It was on what is now Broad Street between the First Baptist Church and High Street.

The street named for him was laid off through the back of his farm. His spring was down the hillside east of his house.

We find in 1794 "Three or four acres leased to Timothe De Monbreun for the fencing thereof and agreement to leave it with the house in good repair." This was done by the trustees of Davidson Academy.

HOW NASHVILLE LOOKED IN 1797.



LET us see what a stranger said about Nashville during the summer of 1797.

This stranger was a young man whose home was in London, England. His name was Francis Bailey. He was in New Orleans and wanted to go through the country to New York. In those days people did not go about the world as they do now, just for the pleasure of traveling, so this was a very unusual journey he was making. He came up the Missis-

issippi to Natchez, and from thence with a few men for company he started on the journey by land. They came by way of an Indian trace, and this led them to Nashville. From New Orleans to Nashville is about twelve hundred miles.

All went well until they reached the Tennessee River. Some of the men plunged in on horseback, and let the horses swim across. Mr. Bailey and a few others stopped and made a raft. But on this they began drifting helplessly down the river, when some friendly Indians came out in canoes and helped them to the eastern shore.

These Indians started them in the right direction. Having drifted a little way down the river, they were not on the path, or trace, and were sixty or seventy miles from Nashville. They were seven days on the way and came near starving to death. They did not know how to get food as the hunters did.

On the seventh day about 11 o'clock a path was found. This soon widened and showed the tracks of cows. Then they came in sight of a log cabin. It was the first house they had seen since leaving Natchez.

Mr. Bailey writes that they were so happy that they jumped up and down, and shouted and hallooed, weak and tired as they were.

An old woman came to the door. She said that theirs was such a new place, that they could not "take in travelers" yet, but that about a mile and a half on the strangers could get food and shelter.

They hastened and came to that place. It was Mr. Joslin's plantation. Mr. Bailey wrote: "We soon ap-

proached it, and entering the yard saw the horses of our late companions ranging about in a field near the house. This was an agreeable sight, as it was one trouble off our minds, and it was not long ere they themselves came out to meet us." Soon they ate together their dinner of pork and beans, and Mr. Bailey thought that no elegant London dinner ever tasted so good.

They learned that they were only a few miles from Nashville.

On the way from "Joslin's" into town he met with a great surprise. "We even met within three or four miles of the town two coaches fitted up in all the style of Philadelphia or New York, besides other carriages, which plainly indicated that the spirit of refinement and luxury had made its way into the settlement. As we approached the town the plantations on either side of the road began to assume a more civilized appearance."

They were coming in what is now the Charlotte Pike, and had passed Gen. Robertson's home and others equally comfortable. Judge McNairy was living near his spring at that time, the famous "Judge's Spring."

The road came into the old buffalo path. They went on past the Sulphur Spring and up to the "Public Lott."

"It was near 7 o'clock when we reached Nashville. The sight gave us great pleasure. After so long absence from any compact society of this kind, we viewed the several buildings with satisfaction." "We enquired for the best tavern in the place; we hastened to it; and

giving our horses to the hostler, entered the house, and sat down completely happy in having performed this laborious and troublesome journey.

“The next morning, August 1st, I went around to view the town, found it pleasantly situated on the southwest bank of the Cumberland River, and elevated above its bed eighty or one hundred feet.

“The town contains sixty or eighty families (about 250 or 300 people.) The houses, which are chiefly of logs and frame, stand scattered over the whole site of the town. (There were two or three stone houses.)

“The people, like all those in newly settled towns, are chiefly concerned in some way of business. There are two or three taverns, but the principal one is kept by Major Lewis.”

On the north side of the Square there was a large frame house, owned by Maj. Wm. T. Lewis. This was kept as a tavern in 1802. It must have been the place where Mr. Bailey stopped. Major Lewis himself must have lived there at that time. Any one in those days who had a large enough house “took in travelers.”

After a few days Mr. Bailey left Nashville alone, and went by way of the Clinch Mountain Road to Knoxville, and so on to Philadelphia and New York.

His coming into Nashville is of especial interest to us. It gives us a glimpse of the most thickly settled road leading out from town at that time, and of the signs of refine-

ment and elegance that had come to this little town, even at that early day.

The path or trace leading by Joslin's plantation was a part of the old Chickasaw Trace. The Natchez Trace crossed the Tennessee at Colbert's Ferry.

NOTE.—Francis Bailey afterwards became a great astronomer. He was the founder and first President of the Royal Astronomical Society of England.

NOTE FOR REFERENCE.

Surrender of Cornwallis, Oct. 19, 1781.

Preliminary Treaty, Paris, Nov. 30, 1782.

Permanent Treaty of Peace, Paris, Sept. 3, 1783.

Convention met at Philadelphia and framed the Constitution May, 1787.

George Washington took oath of office as President April 30, 1789.

(The States were governing themselves in the meantime.)

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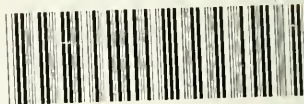
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